

Summer 1961

LOCUS SOLUS

II

A Special Issue of Collaborations

by

AESCHYLUS, PEDRO DE ARAGON, JOHN ASHBERY,
BASHO, MICHAEL BENEDIKT, BILL BERKSON,
PAUL BLACKBURN, ANDRÉ BRETON,
WILLIAM BURROUGHS, JOSEPH CERAVOLO,
THOMAS CHATTERTON, S. T. COLERIDGE,
GREGORY CORSO, ABRAHAM COWLEY,
RICHARD CRASHAW, JOHN DONNE,
DWIGHT EISENHOWER, KENWARD ELMSLIE,
PAUL ELUARD, JANE FREILICHER,
URI GAGARIN, MILTON GILMAN, ICHIEI,
DONALD KEENE, KENNETH KOCH,
DANIEL KRAKAUER, RUTH KRAUSS,
ERN MALLEY, MARINETTI, FRANK O'HARA,
BENJAMIN PERET, JOHN PERREAULT,
PO CHÜ-I, RIMBAUD, THE EMPRESS SADAKO,
PEIRE SALVATGE, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
JAMES SCHUYLER, ROBERT SOUTHEY,
SIR JOHN SUCKLING, YVES TANGUY,
PEIRE VIDAL, EDMUND WALLER & OTHERS.

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LOCUS SOLUS

II

« L'écriteau bref qui s'offre à l'œil apitoyé »

ROUSSEL

Editors JOHN ASHBERY
KENNETH KOCH
HARRY MATHEWS
JAMES SCHUYLER

Editor for this issue
KENNETH KOCH

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Special Collaborations Issue

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La poésie doit être faite par tous. Non par un. Pauvre Hugo! Pauvre Racine! Pauvre Coppée! Pauvre Corneille! Pauvre Boileau! Pauvre Scarron! Tics, tics et tics.

LAUTRÉAMONT, *Poésies : Préface à un livre futur*

To a Waterfowl

Where, like a pillow on a bed
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange
and citron
And one clear call for me
My genial spirits fail
The desire of the moth for the star
When first the College Rolls receive his name.

Too happy, happy tree
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan.
Forget this rotten world, and unto thee
Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair
And she also to use newfangledness...
Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?
Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Unaffected by "the march of events",
Never until the mankind making

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
O death, O cover you over with roses and early lilies !
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you
Sunset and evening star
Where roses and white lilies grow.

Go, lovely rose,
This is no country for old men. The young
Midwinter spring is its own season
And a few lilies blow. They that have power to hurt,
and will do none.
Looking as if she were alive, I call.
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground.
Obscurest night involved the sky
When Loie Fuller, with her Chinese veils
And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with
sedge...
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
In drear-nighted December
Ripe apples drop about my head
Who said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore !
O well for the fisherman's boy !
Fra Pandolf's hand
Steady thy laden head across a brook...
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
Fills the shadows and windy places
Here in the long unlovely street.
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The freezing stream below.
To know the change and feel it...

At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips
Where the dead feet walked in.
She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.

FIVE CHINESE POETS

A Garland of Roses

Like brocade flushed with sunset color,
Following the spring, they open at summer's touch.

LIU YÜ-HSI

Waves of pink weave shadows that catch our eyes;
A gentle wind carries the fragrance hither.

P'EI TU

They take their place beside the eastern pavilion;
Before the stairs salute the upper terrace.

Hsing SHIH

Pale or dark in hue, each has perfect shape;
The buds in secret urge each other to blossom.

LIU YÜ-HSI

We mourn the falling petals that cover the ground,
By the embankment lament the oars returning.

P'EI TU

The fragrance is heavy, moist with rain and dew;
The bright vision stands apart from worldly dust.

Hsing Shih

Their faces are bright as if with rouge,
Sharp cut, as by a clever housewife's shears.

Po Chü-i

What to do? the flowers leave me no other plans;
I have only these last few cups of wine.

Chang Chi

(Translated by Donald Keene)

SEI SHONAGON & THE EMPRESS SADAHO

Poem about Saisho

More than the cuckoo's song that she went out to hear
The memory of a salad lingers in her head.

(Translated by Arthur Waley)

The Kite's Feathers

The kite's feathers
Are smoothed out—
First winter shower !

A puff of wind;
Then the leaves lie still.

His breeches are drenched
Who fords the stream
In the early morning.

To scare away badgers
Dwarf-bamboos are bent into bows.

Over the portal
Ivy creeps—
Evening moon.

He grudges even one pear
From the famous pear-tree.

Engrossed in dashing off
Drawings in India ink—
Autumn's ending.

How comfortable
This pair of stockinet *tabi*.

Where silence reigns,
All things
Are at peace.

They blow the midday conch-shell,
When nearing a village.

Last year's
Frayed sleeping-mats
Are dank and mouldy.

Petal by petal
The lotus drops.

The soup—
An admirable beginning !
Suizenji laver...

Seven miles and more
Before me !

This spring again
Rodo's servant stays
With his master.

The cutting begins to bud—
Spring night and hazy moon.

Beside the flowering cherry
I place a moss-covered
Stone-basin.

This morning's fit of temper
Left me unawares.

At one meal
He eats enough
For two days.

A north wind pierces the island
Foretelling snow.

Climbing the temple-hill
When it grows dark
To light the altar-lamp.

All their songs sung,
The *hototogisu* are silent.

Nothing but bones,
And still too weak
To rise.

With the neighbor's leave
The ox-carriage is led into his yard.

Let my faithless lover
Come in
Through the thorn-hedge.

Now, when parting,
She hands him his sword.

In haste she attempts
To arrange her dishevelled hair
With a comb.

See how man will fight
When resolute for death.

The blue sky
And a waning moon;
The day breaks.

The first frost on Mount Hira
Mirrored in the autumn lake.

Inside the coppice-gate
He is writing a poem
About a buckwheat thief.

These cold windy evenings
He becomes used to his wadded cotton
kimono.

They sleep huddled together
And set out separately
From their night-lodging.

Clouds in the sky
Over Tatara
Are still red.

Where harness-makers live,
Cherries are blooming
Before the windows.

Though it has not shed its leaves,
The loquat is budding.

KAKEI & BASHO

“November—”

November—
The storks tentatively
Standing in a row.

The winter sunrise
So touching a sight.

(Translated by Donald Keene)

BASHO, ICHEI, SORA & SENSUI

“Gather Seawards”

Gather seawards
The rains of May, coolly flows
Mogami River.

The little fishing boats tie
Their firefly lights to the bank.

The melon fields
Wait for the moon to shine from
The hesitant sky.

Going off towards the village
A path through the mulberry-trees.

(Translated by Donald Keene)

Three Poets at Minase

Snow yet remaining
The mountain slopes are misty—
An evening in spring.

Far away the water flows
Past the plum-scented village.

In the river breeze
The willow trees are clustered
Spring is appearing.

The sound of a boat being poled
Clear in the clear morning light.

The moon ! does it still
Over fog-enshrouded fields
Linger in the sky ?

Meadows carpeted in frost —
Autumn has drawn to a close.

Heedless of the wishes
Of piping insects,
The grasses wither.

When I visited my friend
How bare the path to his gate !

Remote villages—
Have the storms still to reach you
Deep in the mountains ?

In unfamiliar dwellings
Is loneliness and sorrow

Now is not the time
To be thinking of yourself
As one all alone.

Did you not know beforehand
That all things must fade away ?

The dew grieves for its
Early passing and grieves for
The flower that stays.

During the misted darkness
Of the last rays of the sun.

The day has ended.
Joyously singing, the birds
Return to their nest.

I walk deep in dark mountains,
Not even the sky my guide.

Although it has cleared
My sleeves are soaked with showers—
This travelling cloak.

The light of the moon reveals
My wretched pillow of grass.

Many are the vain
Nights unvisited by sleep
As autumn deepens.

In dreams I quarreled with her;
A wind was stirring the reeds.

I looked—all were gone,
The friends I loved at home,
Vanished without a trace.

Years of old age before me,
What is there on which to lean ?

Faded though they are,
As least I still have my songs—
Take pity on them !

They too make good companions
When the sky is at twilight.

Today in clouds
I crossed the peak and found
The blossoms scattered.

Listen ! did you hear the cries
Of the wild geese of spring ?

How bright the moon is
Without the haze—drowsy one,
Wait, just a little.

Lying in dew, on my way,
I see an autumn daybreak.

Over the villages,
Far off, beyond the last field,
The fog is settling.

There comes with the blowing wind
The sound of cloth-beaters' mallets.

Even freezing days
In the evening find me
In thinnest garments.

How forlorn a way to live—
The mountains where I gather brush.

“Yet there may be hope,”
I thought, but this way of life
Has come to an end.

Ah, the misery of it !
Whither now shall I turn ?

Parting after bliss,
Resolved to wait as long
As life is left me.

Still it lasts—what does it mean ?
This longing I feel for her.

Except for you
Whom could I ever love,
Never surfeiting ?

Nothing remotely suggests
The charms of her appearance.

Even plants and trees
Share in the bitter grief
Of the ancient capital.

The sad house where once I lived
Is now but a remembrance.

Let this keepsake
Of a mother not long dead
Bring consolation

In the months and days to come
I'll see her perhaps in dreams.

Sailing for China,
I will take a final leave—
Farewell to these shores.

Let us hearken to the Law
We come not to this world again.

Till we two could meet
How frequently did love's tears
Fall and melt away.

Ah, it was the autumn wind,
Not she I was waiting for.

A pine-cricket
All in vain is chirping now,
In my weed-grown house.

On the mountain I staked out
Now lodges only the moon.

I awake from sleep
To the tolling of the bell,
My dreams unfinished.

I have piled upon my brow
The frosts of night after night.

(Translated by Donald Keene)

Tenso: Peire Vidal, pos far m'ave tenso

BLACATZ

Peire Vidal, since I've to make a tenso,
don't take it badly if I ask you, first, why you
have so mercenary a point of view on
many occasions which offer you little gain,
when in composing songs you show both wit
and sense?

A man, already old, who stands around the same
door before which he spent his youth is
worse off than if he'd never been born.

VIDAL

Blacatz, I don't think you've got much
sense yourself, asking such a question.
I have a fine, natural delicacy in any matter,
(which makes me look good) (and I am), and
I've set my love and my youth in the best, most
worthy place of all.

I'd rather not lose the recognition and guerdon,
for to give up now would be base and show
a villainous disposition.

BLACATZ

Peire, your reasoning I'd never use with
my most worthy lady whom I wish to serve
 all days equally,
for it pleases me if she give me recompense. I'll
leave you the drawn-out problem of cooling
 your heels
 without enjoyment,
I want my enjoyment lying down, for
a long wait without joy, it's clear
is joy that's lost. That, you'll never get back.

VIDAL

Blacatz, you, and others, don't give a damn for
 love,
I'm not built that way, I'll walk the whole day
 long
 to reach a good inn
 and serve long to receive a lovely gift.
 He's no faithful lover who changes often,
nor is she a good lady who'll let him get away
 with it.
This is not love, it's proven deceit, it's sin and
pseudolove to ask today and let her go
 tomorrow.

(Translated by Paul Blackburn)

Tenso: Emperador avem de tal maneira

VIDAL

We have an Emperor here of such a kind
as has no understanding, sense, can't
even remember anything.
A bigger lush never sat on throne,
no greater coward ever slung shield
or carried around a lance or wore
spurs to his boots,
nor a greater villain ever made vers or cansos.
Nothing in the world is more fifth-rate, but
maybe a stone not thrown.

THE MARQUIS LANZA

A sword,
I want a sword to whack'm in the head, a
steel dart to puncture his guts and a pair
of skewers to cure his blinking; then
we'll give him a crock of wine and some
suitable emblem of honor, like
an old scarlet cap with no trim on it,

and for lance a long warped stick, then maybe
the fellow might travel safely from here to
France.

VIDAL

Marquis Lanza, sir, obviously,
sorrow and misfortune,
poverty and need
torment you grievously.

You are like a blind man who pisses in the street
when he's lost all shame and wit. And I must
admit

you storm castles and dungeons more often than
the old woman who watches the hens and capons,
but if you ever made a free decision
now you are toady-at-large.

(Translated by Paul Blackburn)

PEDRO DE ARAGON, PEIRE SALVATGE, THE COUNT OF
FOIX & BERNART D'AURIAC

Coblas: Peire Salvatg' en greu pessar

PEDRO, king of Aragon

It's the flowers, Peire. I know too well
the heavy smell of *fleur de lis*.
And what a depressing turn of mind
they give me in this season—
in my own house even—when I know
these lilies are intent upon invasion,
keeping neither right nor reason. So
I ask the men of Carcassonne,
of Agen and the Gascons also
that if the flowers spread and hem me in
they give the fact some recognition.
These flowers think to earn a pardon
by this invasion,
which indulgence they'll find is linked
to endless loss and final perdition.

And now my nephew would like to chance
sides,
just to carry some flowers !
I don't think he sees me very well

standing under the emblem with the bars,
for we hear tell
he now styles himself king of Aragon.
But no matter who's pleased—or displeased
for that matter—
with my peasant jacks
will have to mix it with them when
the onslaughts rise.
Please God, may the straightest come for me
for, by the Breton's staff, I'll never
leave the standard where the banner
flies !

Salvatge, if my lady will,
her body full
of all the noble goods there are and shall
be, may come to credit me,
and may within her body's grace find
some sweet pay,
so long as I gaze upon that lovely face
I'll need no armor against an enemy blade !

Riposte by PEIRE SALVATGE

My lord king, an amorous man of decision
shouldn't have a bitter heart against the flowers:
on the contrary, should
envision how he can best, with clarion gusto
pick them,

in this month when summer is
and flowers spring up luxuriant.
And may the reapers be of such fine
 pluck that,
picking over plain and mountain, field and wood,
from here to Montemil they'll leave no flower
 unplucked.

COUNT OF FOIX

Let no man go to gather flowers
and not take a stout stick along.
The French know how to place a swack
and how to aim the pikes they pack.
So don't count on the Carcasonnes
 not the Agenois
 nor the Gascons.
You know,
since I made my last mistake, they
find they can't love anyone? And
soon we'll hear my Burgundians
crying "MONTJOI!" from *inside* Aragon.

MAESTRE BERNART D'AURIAC, cleric de Béziers

Our king, who has no equal for
good fame and nobility,
is going to fly his gonfalon.
Then, by land and sea, we'll see

the flowers march. How well I know
that then, some Aragonese will see
 what the French are like !
and Catalans bound tight at the knees
by flowers ! flowers of honest seed.
And then we'll hear the length of Aragon
"*Oil and Nenil*" in place of "*Oc and No*" !

Seems to me that he who sings so hard
and wants to cull the flowers doesn't
recognize who the gardeners are,
 who just on guard,
can line up behind them these so-puissant lords.
For these gardeners make such a threesome
that each is a king richer than that one
 in Barcelona. And God
and the church as well are with them in this fight.
And let them get down
 past Canigou,
they'll leave no palace, house nor tower upright.

Catalans, don't take it hard
if the French king comes around
to see you, wearing his finest armor.
He only wants to hang you for
 your malversation,
and absolve you with the lance and pike,
you've been so long in excommunication.

PEDRO, king of Aragon

Salvatge, hear them all sing
together, like lovers to the king
of Aragon !
But tell me, can all this be done
without the lion ?
It doesn't seem so to me, since he,
in all things, would be altogether
against the French,
if his affairs are easy. And since
it's said the most honest man will win,
that's reason for them all to expect to lose,
every last one,
But know that, in any case, I'm
keeping Castelbon.

COUNT OF FOIX

The French, who in the world have none
their peers for greatness of heart and for
knowledge of force,
with the Burgundians, will lead to Rome
the Catharists and him who has himself
called king of Aragon.
And to the conflagration will be
led these who have sinned,
as a matter of consequence and reason,
and one and all burned, their ashes
thrown to the wind.

And to assuage your sorrow, they will
have such end as surf makes of sand,
and will know with tears and terror their
damnation

We shall see
vultures walking on the earth and
such rain as no season can let fall.
And we shall see their lord girt
about, and hung like a thief, this
joglar who cries pardon, yet only
denies our creed.

It won't take longer than a month, I say,
they'll crush his nuts to have the seed.
Then we'll see each one of his opinion
and of his house, dying off in prison.

(Translated by Paul Blackburn)

Song

Take, oh, take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

*A Letter written by Sir Henry Goodyere and
John Donne: alternis vicibus*

Since ev'ry Tree begins to blossom now
Perfuming and enameling each bough
Hearts should as well as they, some fruits allow.

For since one old poor sun serves all the rest,
You sev'rall suns that warm, and light each breast
Do by that influence all your thoughts digest.

And that you too may so your virtues move,
On better matter than beams from above,
Thus our twinned souls send forth these buds of
love.

As in devotions men join both their hands,
We make ours doe one act to seale the bands,
By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands,

And each for others faith for zeale stand bound:
As safe as spirits are from any wound
So free from impure thoughts they shall be found.

Admit our magic then by which we do
Make you appear to us and we to you,
Supplying all the Muses in you two.

We do consider no flower that is sweet,
But we your breath in that exhaling meet,
And as true types of you them humbly greet.

Here in our nightengales we hear you sing
Who so do make the whole year through a spring
And save us from the fear of Autumn's sting.

In Anchors calm face we your smoothness see,
Your minds unmingled and as clear as thee
That keeps untouched her first virginity.

Did all St. Edith's nuns descend again
To honor Polesworth with their cloistered train,
Compared with you each would confess some stain.

Or should we more bleed out our thoughts in ink
No Paper (though it would be glad to drinke
Those drops) could comprehend what we think.

For twere in us ambition to write
So, that because we two, you two unite,
Our letter should as you, be infinite.

On Hope

*By way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley
and R. Crashaw.*

COWLEY

Hope, whose weak being ruined is,
Alike, if it succeed and if it miss:
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemna wound:

Vain shadow ! that doth vanish quite

Both a full noon and perfect night:

The Fates have not a possibility

Of blessing thee.

If things, then, from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

CRASHAW

Dear Hope! earth's dowry, and heaven's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet:

Subtlest, but surest being ! Thou by whom

Our nothing hath a definition:

Fair cloud of fire ! both shade and light,

Our life in death, our day in night:
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
Shrinks, like the sick moon at the wholesome morn.

COWLEY

Hope, thou bold taster of delight
Who, stead of doing so, devour'st it quite;
Thou bring'st an estate, yet leav'st us poor
By clogging it with legacies before.
The joys which we entire should wed
Come deflow'r'd virgins to our bed:
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
So mighty custom's paid to thee !
For joy, like wine kept close, doth better taste,
If it take air before its spirits waste.

CRASHAW

Thou art love's legacy under lock
Of faith: the steward of our growing stock:
Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sons of kings.
Nor will the virgin-joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss
Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss;

Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more joy's maidenhead,
Than spousal rites prejudge the marriage-bed.

COWLEY

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be:
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are:
 Thine empty cloud the eye itself deceives
 With shapes that our own fancy gives:
 A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears.
When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail,
By *ignes fatui*, not North stars, we sail.

CRASHAW

Fair Hope ! our earlier heaven, by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity
The generous wine with age grows strong, not sour;
Nor need we kill by fruit to smell thy flower.
 Thy golden head never hangs down,
 Till in the lap of love's full noon
 It falls and dies. O, no, it melts away
 As doth the dawn into the day:
As lumps of sugar lose themselves, and twine
Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

COWLEY

Brother of Fear ! more gaily clad,
The merrier fool o'th'two, yet quite as mad :
Sire of repentance ! shield of fond desire,
That blows the Chymic's and the lover's fire,
Still leading them insensibly on,
With the strange witchcraft of Anon !
By thee the one doth changing nature through
Her endless labyrinths pursue,
And th'other chases woman, while she goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

CRASHAW

Fortune, alas ! above the world's law wars :
Hope kicks the curled heads of conspiring stars :
Her keel cuts not the waves where our winds stir,
And Fate's whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and she fly far above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet Hope ! kind cheat ! fair fallacy ! by thee
We are not where or what we be,
But what and where we would : thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Faith's sister ! nurse of fair desire !
Fear's antidote ! a wise, a well-stay'd fire
Temper'd twixt cold despair and torrid joy :
Queen regent in young love's minority !

Though the vex'd chymic vainly chases
His fugitive gold through all her faces,
And love's more fierce, more fruitless fires assay
 One face more fugitive than they,
True Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase,—
The God of nature in the field of grace !

*In Answer of
Sir John Suckling's Verses*

CON.

Stay here, fond Youth ! and ask no more ; be wise ;
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.

PRO

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
Of all that paradise which yet is left.

CON.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride ; and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd : he wakes himself that does enjoy.

PRO

How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be styled virtuous, and the end not so ?

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire !
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire :
But—to sleep better : for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe rocks himself asleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new wreath but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloyes.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit ; this once past,
What relishes ? e'en kisses lose their taste.

PRO

Blessings may be repeated while they cloy ;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy ?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight ?

CON.

Urge not 'tis necessary ; alas ! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.
The world is of a large extent we see
And must be peopled ; children there must be !—

So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO

I need not plough, since what the stooping hine
Gets of my pregnant land must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What int'rest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Aeneas, or the present joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.

PRO

Plays and romances read and seen, do fall
In our opinions; yet not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.

PRO

If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heav'n to those that now are there.

CON.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

PRO

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our sight;
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

CON.

They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

PRO

Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor,
But he that dares not touch nor use his store.

Onn Oure Ladies Chyrche

As onn a hille one eve fittyng,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderyng,
The counynge handieworke so fine,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quod I; some counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
Full well i wote so fine a syghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
Thou forsotheth ne wotteth of the thyng.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chappelle brighte;
And eke another in the Towe,
Where glassie bubblyng Trymme doth roun.
Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-
dedes soe;
Canynge and Gaunts culde ne moe.

The Account of W. Canynges Feast

Thorowe the halle the belle han sounde;
Byelcoyle doe the Grave beseeme;
The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie style the gwestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne
seene.

Two Passages from Joan of Arc

I

And oft the tear from his averted eye
He dried; mindful of fertile fields laid waste,
Dispeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,
And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread.
But when he told of those fierce sons of guilt
That o'er this earth which God had fram'd so fair
Spread desolation, and its wood-crown'd hills
Make echo to the merciless war-dog's howl;
And how himself from such foul savagery
Had scarce escap'd with life, then his stretch'd arm
Seem'd, as it wielded the resistless sword
Of Vengeance: in his eager eye the soul
Was eloquent; warm glow'd his manly cheek;
And beat against his side the indignant heart.

II

The murmuring tide
Lull'd her, and many a pensive pleasing dream
Rose in sad shadowy trains at Memory's call.

She thought of Arc, and of the dinged brook,
Whose waves oft leaping on their craggy course
Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs;
And where it spread into a glassy lake,
Of the old oak which on the smooth expanse
Imag'd its hoary mossy-mantled boughs.

Public Garden : A Play

Sunny park. On the left, two intertwined lovers (actor and actress) are kissing each other on a bench. On the right, a large Futurist painting of *The Surprise Alphabet*, picturing three wet nurses (normal size) made out of three enormous B's, each one with a baby shaped like a large S.

Near the painting a homosexual is swaying.

One metre away from the footlights, six motorists (five actors and one actress), holding themselves unsupported in a sitting position like so many 4's, imitate the bouncy and springy movements of six people sitting in a fast car, with a chauffeur who imitates with his mouth the sounds of the motor.

(Curtain)

In Lucca, as soon as the curtain fell one member of the audience began to walk on his hands with his legs in the air and walked like this all around the first balcony, among the surprised spectators.

In Turin a spectator disguised himself as Cavour and delivered a long discourse directed against a spectator disguised as Mazzini, and answered him very wittily.

(Translated by Kenneth Koch)

From The Immaculate Conception

INTRA-UTERINE LIFE

To be nothing. Of all the ways the sunflower has of loving the light, regret is the most beautiful shadow on the sundial. Crossbones, crossword puzzles, volumes and volumes of ignorance and knowledge. Where is one to begin? The fish is born from a thorn, the monkey from a walnut. The shadow of Christopher Columbus itself turns on Tierra del Fuego: it is no more difficult than the egg.

A great self-assurance—and *great* without term of comparison—enables the ghost to deny the reality of the forms that enchain it. But we have not yet reached that point. The disconcerted gestures of statues in their moulds produced those imperfect, ghostly figures: the Venuses whose absent hands caress the poets' hair.

From one bank of the river to the other, washerwomen shout at each other the name of a fantastic personage who wanders over the earth feigning hatred for everything he embraces. Their songs are every-

thing that carries me away and is nevertheless carried itself, as carrier pigeons photograph the enemy camp without wanting to. Their eyes are less far from me than the vulture from its prey. I understand now that a woman's face is visible only during sleep. It is in vertigo, among the even grasses of heaven. Seen from within or without, it is the pearl a thousand times more valuable than the diver's death. From without, it is the admirable slingshot; from within, it is the bird. The brambles tear it and the mulberries stain it black, but it bestows on the bushes the strange source of its seething light. Impossible to find out what has become of it since I discovered it.

The doe between two leaps like to look at me. I keep her company in the clearing. I fall slowly from the heights, I still weigh only the weight you lose at thirty thousand feet. The extinguished chandelier that lights me bares its teeth when I caress the breasts I didn't choose. Great dead branches pierce them. The valves that open and close in a heart which is not mine and which is my heart are everything useless that will be sung in two-four time: I cry, no one hears me, I dream.

This desert is false. The shadows I dig enable the colors to appear like so many useless secrets.

I shall, they say, see. I shall, they see, hear. Silence as far as the eye can see is the keyboard that begins with those twenty fingers that are not. My mother is a spinning top whose whip is my father.

For seducing the weather I have shivers for adornment, and the return of my body back into itself. Ah, to take a bath, a bath of the Romans, a sand bath, an ass's milk sand bath. *To live* as one must know how to knot one's veins in a bath! To travel on the back of a jellyfish, on the surface of the water, then to sink into the depths to get the appetite of blind fish, of blind fish that have the appetite of the birds that howl at life. Has anyone ever seen birds sing around four in the afternoon in April? Those birds are mad. It is I. Has anyone ever before seen the sun cover the night with its dead weight, as the fire covers the ashes? For suns I have flame becoming smoke, the wild moan of a hunted animal, and the first water-drop of a shower.

Be careful! They are expecting me. Day and night are going to be at the station. I shall never recognize them if I burden myself with the suitcases of justice.

AN ATTEMPT TO SIMULATE THE DELIRIUM OF INTERPRETATION

When that love was over, I felt as homeless as *the bird on the branch*. I was no longer fit for anything. Nevertheless I observed that the patches of gasoline on the water reflected my image and I noticed that the *Pont-au-Change*, near the bird market, was becoming more and more arc-like in form.

And that is how, one fine day, I crossed over forever to the other side of the rainbow through looking at the iridescent birds. Now there is nothing for me to do on earth. No more than the other birds do I say that I no longer have to commit myself to earth, *to put in a winged appearance* on earth. I refuse to repeat with you the slang song: "We die for the little birds, come and feast your little birds".¹

The shower's dazzling colors speak parrot language. They hatch the wind that emerges from its shell with seeds in its eyes. The sun's double eyelid rises and falls on life. The birds' feet on the window-pane of the sky are what I used to call the stars. The earth itself, whose motion seems so inexplicable as long as one remains beneath the vault, the earth with its *web-feet* of deserts is itself obedient to the laws of migration.

Feather summer is not yet over. The trap-doors have been opened and the harvest of down is being thrust inside. The weather is *moulting*.

The cock on the steeple ornaments the smoke from the guns while the orange-breasted widow hies herself to the cemetery whose crosses are tiny flashes of diamonds of the Southern Cross, and man continues

¹ This passage contains a number of untranslatable plays on words. The reference here is to a Paris street cry, "Du mouron pour les petits oiseaux"—"Chickweed for the little birds", which is here transformed to "Nous mourons pour les petits oiseaux"—"We die for the little birds". [*Translator's note*]

to *imagine himself* on earth like the blackbird on the buffalo's back, on the sea like the seagull on the crest of the waves, the solid blackbird and the liquid seagull.

Horus, finger at lips, is the avalanche. I hadn't before seen those birdcatchers who hunt for men in the sky and drive themselves from their nests with the stones they toss in the air.

The phoenixes come bringing me my ration of glow-worms, and their wings which they constantly dip in the gold of the earth are the sea and the sky which glow only on stormy days, and which hide their lightning-tufted heads in their feathers when they fall asleep on the air's one foot.

The lightning mills have broken out of their shells and are flying swiftly away, the sand consumes the dunes, the horizon tries to avoid the clouds.

You must admit that your *bed-cages*, and your twisted bars, and your gnawed floors, and your nutmegs, and your latest-style scarecrows, and your train trips in a pigeon-hole compartment, and your *hedgerow races* in the twilight of robins flying away, and the hours, and the minutes, and the seconds in your woodpecker heads, and your glorious conquests, what about them, your glorious conquests of cuckoos ! All those traps of grace were never there for any other purpose than to get me past the barriers of danger, the barriers that separate fear from courage. Don't count any more on me to help you forget that your phantoms wear the bustles of birds of paradise.

In the beginning was the song. Everybody to the windows ! From one side to the other you can see nothing but Leda. My whirling wings are the doors through which she enters the swan's neck, on the enormous deserted square which is the heart of the bird of night.

THERE IS NOTHING INCOMPREHENSIBLE ¹

What attraction can possibly have united some of the greatest criminals of our time in this chasm three thousand feet below the surface of the sea ? The place is cool, but thinly wooded rather than bushy. No anxiety for the future, no concealed light has drawn them here, who go searching through landscapes for the great living confidences. The lightning rod and dove-cot of a tiny suburban villa thrust up out of the clumps of coral shrubbery and the song of bubbles, close to the gentle epidermis of red sea-weed. Those who frequent this spot speak more willingly of hate than of love. This year, chance has led some renowned virtuosos to this clearing.

Troppmann, la Brinvilliers, Vacher, Soleilland, Haarmann... What charity benefit could boast of bringing together such famous stars on the same bill ? Yet, independent of one another, each has come here,

¹ "Il n'y a rien d'incompréhensible"—a quotation from Lautréamont's *Les Poésies*. [*Translator's note*]

to rest, to study as well, to prepare in the peace of the deep mysterious programs whose executors are still unborn.

In the calm of the night la Brinvilliers revives her lost poisons with that studied grace that permits her to arrive at a true and just interpretation of arsenical thought. Vacher evokes the beauty of prostitutes in love; Haarmann eats; Soleilland plays; Troppmann laughs, a whole vacant lot showing in his eyes.

Occasionally, at a bend in one of the paths, grazing the masts of sunken ships, words without song mingle in this atmosphere of pirates; and never, perhaps, has their power had greater liberty of action. The attraction that has drawn these criminals here is doubtless nothing but that purity, that silence of the abyss that allows murderers' language to regain, in a way, its youth—that degree of force and action in which it can be completely itself, with nothing to hinder or corrupt it.

We shall never forget the day we saw Soleilland enter the sea for the first time. Silence had slowly become established in the room when that tall young man approached the bed and sat down. He looked at the light-colored tresses into which he had thrust his hand, and became lost in thought: it was a little as though he had wanted to communicate some of his excitement and skill, silently at first, to the adorable curls.

There was no affectation in his self-communion. One felt that he was alone, and indeed at that moment

we all existed more or less through him. The phenomenon that so curiously binds a man to what he loves does not, in fact, exist apart from this authority, this demandingness: it is as much an abuse of force as a force, and it is part of the diversion of demons.

Only when the public uproar had abated, when he had risen to the level of the sea, when he had ceased to be the strongest, did Soleilland uncover the child's eyes. Born in surprise, they suddenly affirmed life in a violent and magnificent abridgment. It was something we had never seen before: the task found in them its certain grandeur and truth. It is long: from one end to the other the impression grew of a divination such that no one could doubt that he was witnessing the consummation of the centuries.

Everything took place, as we have said, beneath the sea. We were merely on a raft with our contemporaries, who could scarcely, however, be accused of romanticism. It was then that we admired the genius of the aptly-named Soleilland. We understood that he was appearing beyond the very limits of the understanding, through one of those talents that allow one to believe in something other than ordinary human possibilities.

When we told Soleilland what we had been thinking about him, he answered us in a youthful voice:

"Why do you tell me that?"

"Because we think it."

"I can easily believe you."

He smiled, delighted at being considered one of the greatest living spiritual advisers.

"But what have I done?" he added. He plied us with questions in order to hear the reasons for our opinion; and soon, since it was our turn to question him, he talked to us of his childhood spent in the sunlight, between the principles of his father and the presentiments of his mother, who, while he was still very young, had initiated him to the great arcana and who never doubted that he was destined one day to become a "soleil."

He worked happily away, and he had already become master of his indifference and master of his desires, when a great disturbance agitated his hands. He took down from the wall an engraving that hung there, representing a man hitting a woman with a cello with all his might, entitled "A Resistant Cello."¹ There was nothing for it but to admit that his studies were ended, that he had become the person we were listening to that evening, a young man famous in the depths of life, who had known glory because he had never known the hearts of others.

He who fulfills this magnificent destiny thinks only of himself: he inhabits a world without victims and is not surprised at his adventure, here on earth, when people speak of it to him.

¹ In French, "Violoncelle qui résiste", a pun on the phrase "Violons celle qui résiste"—"Let's rape her who resists." [*Translator's note*]

THE ORIGINAL JUDGMENT

Don't read. Look at the designs created by the spaces between the words of several lines in a book and draw inspiration from them.

Give your hand to the others to keep.

Don't lie down on the ramparts.

Take back the armor that you took off when you reached the age of discretion.

Put order in its place, disturb the stones of the road.

If you bleed and if you are a man, erase the last word on the slate.

Form your eyes by closing them.

Let the dreams you have forgotten equal the value of what you do not know.

I have known a railway signalman, five female gate-keepers, and one male gate-keeper. And you?

Don't prepare the words you cry out.

Live in abandoned houses. They have been lived in only by you.

Make a bed of caresses for your caresses.

If they knock at the door, write your last will and testament with the key.

Rob sound of its sense; even light-colored dresses hide muffled drums.

Sing of the enormous pity of monsters. Evoke all the women standing on the Trojan horse.

Don't drink water.

As with the letter *l* and the letter *m*, you'll find the wing and the serpent near the middle.

Speak according to the madness that has seduced you.

Wear sparkling colors, it's not usual.

What you find belongs to you only as long as you hold out your hand.

Lie as you bite the judges' ermine.

You are the pruner of your life.

Hang yourself, brave Crillon, they'll unhang you with their *That depends*.

Bind faithless legs.

Let the dawn stir the fire of the rust of your dreams.

Learn to wait, with your feet in front of you. That's the way you will soon go out, all covered up.

Light up the perspectives of fatigue.

Sell what you eat, buy what you need to die of starvation.

Surprise them by not confusing the future of the verb "to have" with the past of the verb "to be".

Be the glazier for the stone set in the new window-pane.

When they ask to see the inside of your hand, show them the veiled planets in the sky.

On the appointed day, you will calculate the lovely dimensions of the insect-leaf.

To expose the nakedness of the woman you love, look at her hands. She has lowered her face.

Separate the chalk from the coal, the poppies from the blood.

Do me the favor of entering and leaving on tiptoe.

Semi-colon: you see how amazing they are, even in punctuation.

Lie down, get up, and now lie down.

Until further *orders*, until further religious orders, that is until the most beautiful girls adopt the cross-shaped decolleté: the horizontal beam showing the breasts, the foot of the cross revealing the belly, whose base is slightly russet-brown in color.

Forgo that which has a head on its shoulders.

Adjust your gait to that of the storms.

Never kill a night-bird.

Look at the convolvulus blossom: it does not allow one to hear.

Miss the obvious goal when you are supposed to pierce your heart with the arrow.

Perform miracles so as to deny them.

Be the age of the raven who says: Twenty years.

Beware of wagon-drivers with good taste.

Sketch the disinterested games of your boredom in the dust.

Don't seize the time to begin again.

Argue that your head, unlike a horse-chestnut, is absolutely weightless since it has not yet fallen.

Gild with the spark the otherwise black pill of the anvil.

Without wincing, imagine swallows.

Write the imperishable in sand.

Correct your parents.

Don't keep on your person anything that would wound common sense.

Imagine that that woman can be summed up in three words and that that hill is a chasm.

Seal the real love letters you write with a profaned host.

Don't forget to say to the revolver: Delighted but it seems to me I've met you somewhere before.

The outside butterflies are trying only to rejoin the inside butterflies: don't replace, in yourself, a single pane of the streetlamp if it should happen to get broken.

Damn what is pure, purity is damned in you.

Observe the light in the mirrors of the blind.

Do you want to own the smallest and the most alarming book in the world? Have the stamps on your love letters bound and then weep—you have good reason to in spite of it all.

Never wait for yourself.

Look closely at these two houses: in one you are dead and in the other you are dead.

Think of me who am speaking to you; put yourself in my place when you answer.

Be afraid of passing too near the tapestries when you are alone and hear someone calling.

Wring out with your own hands your body over the other bodies: accept this principle of hygiene courageously.

Eat only birds in leaf: the animal tree can stand autumn.

Your liberty with which you make me laugh till I cry is your liberty.

Make the fog flee before you.

Seeing that the mortal condition of things does not bestow on you an exceptional power of lasting, hang yourself by the root.

Leave it up to the stupid pillow to wake you.

Cut down trees if you wish, break stones too, but beware, beware of the livid light of utility.

If you look at yourself with one eye, close the other.

Don't abolish the sun's red rays.

You take the third street on the right, then the first on the left, you come to the square, you turn near that café you know, you take the first street on the left, then the third on the right, you throw your statue to the ground and you stay there.

Without knowing what you will do with it, pick up the fan that that woman dropped.

Knock on the door and cry: "Come in"—and don't go in.

You have nothing to do before dying.

(Translated by John Ashbery)

PAUL ELUARD & BENJAMIN PERET

Surrealist Proverbs

Elephants are contagious.

Rinse the tree.

Don't smoke Job or don't smoke.

Beat your mother while she is young.

Cherries fall where texts are lacking.

Kill two stones with one bird.

Killing is never stealing.

A dream without stars is a dream forgotten.

(Translated by Kenneth Koch)

Question and Answer Game

B. What is painting ?

T. A little white puff of smoke.

B. What is Brittany ?

T. A fruit eaten by wasps.

T. What is physical love ?

B. It's half of pleasure.

(Translated by Kenneth Koch)

PAUL ELUARD & OTHERS

Cadavres Exquis (Samples)

The exquisite cadaver shall drink the new wine.

Sex without end goes to bed with the orthodox tongue.

Mouffetard Street, trembling with love, amuses the
chimaera who is firing at us.

(Translated by Kenneth Koch)

Two Poems (1937)

NEW

Once its floes had entered the sacred impasse winter
All the boards of the sea built themselves a stretch
of shore

To appear naked behind the mirror where she escapes
mortal

The nocturnal schoolgirl badly in need of perilous roads
Drinks the saliva of morning

The mouth that determines festivals
Untiring is rung by the great clock
Turning tress uselessly drowned

The free and rare girl promises herself
To find for a single day a garden favorable to pleasure
Another place than this
To share with her a sorrow of sand

The gold of its limitless fog
Must be taken from it

It must give her breasts
The capricious rhythm of the flames
That fly away in the raw light

For a single day living has its laws in the wind
It arranges its hair on the peaks
For a single day living is all on the outside
It reveals its heart
A kiss strikes it down

The bed offered its amorous shoulders
To the schoolgirl's teeth
Its edges devoured by bridges
Mysterious consolers
Ignorant of each other

LANDINGS

They are dragging your ponds
Thought flesh in broad daylight
You are touched by the tip of the lamps
But only atrocious blackness is distributed

Time of fasting and rapes
Colonies of insects pruning pebbles
Crawled along
The ashes were covered by deeply moved night
Venemous compasses attacked the extended hand

Vain cause of the last laughs
Evening ordered the period, bouquet of the unwise
In sympathy with obstinate nature

Confused hunger desire for ardor for all the others

Leaning toward earth more than the untutored
 lips of the sea
You pass far from us
You push back our horizon
At the first sign
At the first word.

(Translated by John Ashbery)

Boult to Marina

Only a part of me shall triumph in this
(I am not Pericles)
Though I have your silken eyes to kiss
And maiden-knees
Part of me remains, wench, Boult-upright
The rest of me drops off into the night.

What would you have me do ? Go to the wars ?
There's damned deceit
In these wounds, thrusts, shell-holes, of the cause
And I'm no cheat.
So blowing this lily as trumpet with my lips
I assert my original glory in the dark eclipse.

Sainted and schismatic would you be ?
Four frowning bedposts
Will be the cliffs of your wind-thrummelled sea
Lady of these coasts,
Blown lily, surplice and stole of Mytilene,
You shall rest snug to-night and know what I mean.

Sybilline

That rabbit's foot I carried in my left pocket
Has worn a haemorrhage in the lining
The bunch of keys I carry with it
Jingles like fate in my omophagic ear
And when I stepped clear of the solid basalt
The introverted obelisk of night
I seized upon this Traumdeutung as a sword
To hew a passage to my love.

And now out of life, permanent revenant
I assert: the caterpillar feet
Of these predictions lead nowhere,
It is necessary to understand
That a poet may not exist, that his writings
Are the incomplete circle and straight drop
Of a question mark
And yet I know I shall be raised up
On the vertical banners of praise.

The rabbit's foot of fur and claw
Taps on the drain-pipe. In the alley
The children throw a ball against

Their future walls. The evening
Settles down like a brooding bird
Over streets that divide our life like a trauma.
Would it be strange now to meet
The figure that strode hell swinging
His head by the hair
On Princess Street ?

A Nest of Ninnies

Fragment of a Novel

CHAPTER 1

Alice was tired. Languid, fretful, she turned to stare into her own eyes in the mirror above the mantelpiece before she spoke.

"I dislike being fifty miles from a great city. I don't know how many cars pass every day and it makes me wonder."

Marshall smiled at her and continued to remove the plastic covers from a number of dishes he had just extracted from the ice-box. Kicking out her housecoat, Alice moved to the kitchen table and picked up a chicken wing.

"I don't know what you're keeping in that ice-box, but it makes everything taste funny."

"It must be that half a canteloupe you didn't eat," Marshall said agreeably, "though I don't see how with these covers."

"I don't know what you're trying to prove. I don't think you will either. Unless you're trying to imply that I don't eat because I'm unhappy, which I readily admit."

"Now Alice, please don't put those wing bones back in the bowl."

"Why don't you admit that you enjoy my unhappiness?"

"A supper of left-overs isn't a very cheerful prospect, but that's the price of entertaining guests. I could have made a casserole out of these things, but you always say you like to know what you're eating. You didn't seem so unhappy last night."

"What happened last night? You certainly can't mean that a pick-up supper and a rummy game would affect my spirits."

Marshall made no reply, but dumped some cole slaw into a dish that already had pickled beets in it. Alice went to the window and looked out of it, as though commenting on the view which it disclosed. On the six-lane super highway just beyond the hedge, cars thundered by bound for dramatic New York.

"If you'll set the table," Marshall said, "it will be all ready to eat."

Alice turned from the window in a dazed way and began dreamily to lay out the California dinner ware.

"Seriously, I prefer to eat in the dining room," Marshall said. "It's nicer."

"Look, Fifi," Alice said, "let's stop kidding ourselves. I want to go to the city."

"Where's the basket for the bread? It's hot."

"Marshall, I want to go to the city."

"There's nothing to do in the city at night, dear. Besides, I have to go there every day," he added in a sulky tone.

"Now you're cross perhaps you'll tell me the truth: aren't you unhappy?"

"No, dear, and I don't think it's too good an idea to spend time in thinking about things like that."

"How else do you suggest I spend my time—eating?"

"Dear, I can see you're not yourself, so if you'd like to go to a movie, fine. I wouldn't even be averse to going into the city, provided of course we don't take the car."

Alice threw some food onto her plate and wouldn't answer.

"The bread will be too dry to eat if we don't find that basket soon."

"Who knows, maybe I threw it out with the leftover Korn Kurls."

This seemed to wound Marshall. Then he discovered the bread basket propping up a copy of *Life* on the back of the range. It was open to a two-page photograph of the New York skyline. Marshall served the bread, and for some minutes an ill-natured silence reigned. Soon both realized that the house had begun to grow quite cold.

"I suppose I forgot to shake the furnace again," Alice said. But neither stirred. "I suppose I should go shake it or look at it." She pushed away the bowl of beets and slaw which Marshall had not offered her. "I suppose if I did want to go to the movies, you'd try to get me to go to one in town."

"You seem to think I am patience itself," Marshall said. Suddenly there came a gentle tapping at the kitchen door. Alice got up from the table and went down into the basement. Marshall glided across the room with careful steps to admit their visitor. It was a small, very pretty young woman.

"You are probably eating," she said, "and wonder why I came to the side door."

"We usually eat in the dining room," Marshall said, gazing beyond her at a few flakes of snow which had begun to fall. "Snow always makes me think of my childhood," he muttered as he shut the door after she had passed into the unlighted kitchen.

"Someone seems to be trying to break your furnace," murmured the now almost invisible girl. "I came over because the radio says it's going to snow. There weren't any lights in front."

"Wouldn't you like to sit down and eat something?" Marshall asked, stifling a yawn. "We're eating in the kitchen to economize on heating bills. Alice likes to feel there's something going into the bank."

The guest pulled her fur coat more tightly about her shoulders and looked about the room with apparent

interest. "I think a fireplace in your kitchen is lovely. It makes a very nice room of it."

"We of course made no attempt to alter this old place when we took it over, beyond a few slight repairs." Marshall seemed aware of the young woman for the first time. "I wanted to have the fireplace bricked up because it cools the house, but so many people commented on it we decided to leave it."

"You don't seem to see so many people."

"Look, snow is coming down it now."

An especially loud clang from the basement caused them both to start. "You sit down and I'll get you a cup of coffee. I'll put on the lights and call Alice," Marshall announced.

Alice's dim form appeared in the door. "I think I've just blown a fuse. Hello Fabia."

"That's very funny. The fuses at our house blew out too. It must be general."

"We have no more fuses," Marshall said. "I should hate to go anywhere and come back to a dark house."

"Fat chance," Alice said. "Why, it's snowing." She went to the kitchen door and opened it.

"We could watch television in the dark," Marshall said to Fabia. "Except of course the set wouldn't work either. But we might light some candles and play rummy after I wash the dishes, if Alice is through eating."

Alice had taken a few steps outside into the yard. A chill wind made the kitchen unbearable. Fabia

and Marshall drew closer together. "I'm not sure I'm equal to rummy two nights in a row," Fabia said. "But you better hunt up the candles before it's too dark to find them."

"My dears, I can't tell you how divinely bracing it is out," Alice said returning. "We simply must take a walk, at least as far as the shopping center."

"We could buy some fuses," Marshall said.

Their departure was complicated by Marshall's discovery that the electricity was still on in half of the house. "All the television in the world won't make the rest of the lights work," Alice said. "If you're coming with us, take off that apron."

"It's too bad you didn't take your coat off in the house, Fabia," Marshall said as they walked down the drive. "I'm afraid you'll catch cold now."

"I never catch cold," Fabia said.

Alice persisted in her mood of spiritual exaltation. "Look at the trees and telephone wires," she said. "On a night like this New York doesn't compel me so much."

"You always talk of New York as though it were a thousand miles away," Fabia said. "You know you can go there any time you want to." Alice and Marshall ignored this remark.

The snow was fine and dry, the temperature slightly below freezing. They walked past a deserted skating rink, and a group of fir trees which the Rotary Club had caused to be hung with lights. Further on, where

the super-highway became a clover-leaf, they turned off to the right, and bought some fuses at a hardware store which had officially closed. Fabia suggested they have a drink at a nearby Howard Johnson's.

"You two go ahead if you like," Alice said. "I'll walk around in the snow and wait for you."

"I don't know as we ought to have left her alone," Marshall said as they entered the dining room. "When Alice is feeling inspired, she often goes to unusual lengths to prevent herself from looking silly."

"What could she do on her own?" Fabia asked.

"I think this is quite a pleasant place," Marshall said. "If Alice gets tired she will probably go home. She has the fuses."

Fabia paid her customary respects to the new surroundings, and then lapsed into the sorrowful silence which was her natural state.

In one corner a big juke box whose revolving lights cast an ominous glow on the ceiling was playing *Dance to My Lady*. The walls featured pagan scenes. Beside the cash register stood an opaque glass vase of imitation snapdragons. Marshall ordered their drinks from the brisk and frilly waitress in a way that showed they were not on a date. Marshall ordered a straight whiskey and Fabia a Cuba Libre.

Fabia said, "You seem so little aware of me when I am with you, Marshall, I wonder if you ever think of me when I'm not. I know I often muse about you and Alice and your little house."

"It always amazes me we are near neighbors," Marshall replied. "Alice and I tend to be people who lead somewhat isolated lives because they are self-sufficient."

Fabia said, "I too lead an isolated life but not for that reason."

Marshall looked shifty. "I hope you won't confide in me," he said.

"I think you really like it though you say you don't. Anyway there's very little to confide in anyone about my humdrum existence. I'm not one of your mystery divorcées or widows."

"That sounds like a confidence to me," Marshall replied glumly.

"When I was young," Fabia hinted, "I told many unmotivated lies. Once I told my mother my baby brother had fallen down and seriously injured himself. This upset my mother not because I was lying, but because she was superstitious and thought it might come true. A few days later my brother came down with scarlet fever."

"I wonder what's become of Alice," Marshall said, "unless she has gone home or is still walking around."

"Another time I told daddy there was a fire in the chimney. Nobody would believe me and the house nearly burned down."

"That's funny. I used to be afraid the house would catch fire and we would have to go out into the snow at night, like poor people."

"I don't think that's interesting," Fabia said. Marshall looked hurt. "I bet you think about your childish fears a great deal," she went on spitefully.

"Of all the sneaky tricks," Marshall exploded. "I wish Alice were here to see this."

"Don't be such an old bozo," Fabia said. "Don't you know when you're being teased?"

"That is precisely what I was objecting to. We ought to go immediately, but I think I need another drink against the weather."

"Me too," Fabia said. "It looks like a veritable blizzard outside."

Alice came in. There was a lot of snow on her hair and on her coat. "It really is a blizzard," she said. "You won't be able to go to the city tomorrow, Marshall."

"What makes you think the trains won't run?" Marshall asked. "My, you certainly look like a snow man."

"We might as well order another round while we're waiting," Fabia said quickly.

"You and Marshall are just alike," Alice said.

The waitress took the order but had not yet brought the drinks when Dr. and Mrs. Bridgewater appeared in the dining room. "Perhaps you could settle the bill, Marshall," Fabia murmured, "on the side when we go."

"I thought you had your money," Marshall growled, "I certainly didn't bring any."

"Oh shush," Alice said. "Good evening Dr. and Mrs. Bridgewater. Isn't it freshening out? Isn't it a nice night?"

"Why yes it is," said Dr. Bridgewater with a smile that grew broader, "yes it is."

"On our way here we passed at least six cars that had gone into the ditch," Mrs. Bridgewater said. "Good evening, one and all."

"Here are your eau de vies," said the waitress. "Did you two wish to order?"

"What pleasant looking drinks," Mrs. Bridgewater said. "Are they alcoholic?"

"They are among the strongest drinks known to man," Dr. Bridgewater commented in a placid manner. "No, young lady, we do not wish to order anything. Unless you would like something, Mother. I think I will have one of your coffee sodas."

"Is it too late to get something to eat?" Mrs. Bridgewater asked. "I would like some filet of sole. I'm only joking. I'll have a coffee soda too. No, I'll have a pineapple."

"I could fix you a nice steak sandwich," the waitress said.

"Just the sodas," Dr. Bridgewater said. "She wouldn't want anything solid on her stomach this time of night."

"I think I'd like just a taste of yours, Fabia dear," Mrs. Bridgewater said. Fabia silently passed her mother the small glass. Mrs. Bridgewater took a

healthy swallow of the powerful liqueur without visible effect.

"Fabia's mother and I had a terrible shock today," Dr. Bridgewater explained. "We learned that Fabia's brother has just flunked out of college." Fabia seemed annoyed at their mentioning it.

Alice giggled. "I can't wait to hear Victor's version," she said.

"We have just heard it," Dr. Bridgewater sighed. "Victor arrived home from Syracuse this evening. He is outside in the car. He said he would rather not come in."

Alice looked coldly at Fabia. "I can't wait to see Victor," she said, "do let's all finish up here. I think I'll go ask him if he wouldn't like to walk me home on this beautiful snowy evening."

"Of course neither Alice nor I has any intention of walking on a night like this," Marshall said before Dr. Bridgewater could reply. "We should very much appreciate your driving us home. I shall have to be up at the crack of dawn to learn if any trains will run."

"I'm glad Victor's back," Fabia said. "There is no pretense between us."

"Yes, I'm glad to have my boy at home," Mrs. Bridgewater said.

"Are we going to sit here all night?" Alice said. "It's no part of my plans."

They paid the check and went out into the snowstorm. Near the Bridgewaters' car a boy of about

eighteen was building a snowman. "That's a nice one," Marshall said, "it looks like Howard Johnson himself."

"Hi Alice," Victor said seriously. "I would have made it bigger but the snow is too dry."

"I know," Alice said.

"Is that what they taught you to do in college?" Fabia asked.

"I don't want to have to speak to you again, Fabia," Dr. Bridgewater said. "Now if we will all arrange ourselves in the car, I think we can trust Victor to drive us home safely."

"Put not thy trust in things of this world," Fabia chuckled.

Mrs. Bridgewater slipped into the seat next to her son ahead of Alice. "I thought you'd never come out of there," Victor said. "I started to build a snow man to keep my circulation going."

"Look how fast the snow is falling in the headlights," Alice said over the thudding of the chains. "Much faster than when you're walking in it." Mrs. Bridgewater began to hum a Presbyterian theme, and Marshall joined in with the words in a muted baritone.

"Oh those crazy fraternity boys," Victor said apropos of nothing.

"Victor, Elm Avenue is one way," Dr. Bridgewater said after a while.

"I thought this was Spruce Avenue," Victor said.

"It happens to be Seminole Path," Marshall said, "I couldn't imagine where you were going."

Victor turned off the street into a likely looking driveway where the car promptly stuck in a drift, nor could their best efforts dislodge it.

CHAPTER 2

"What are you going to do today, Fabia?" Victor asked.

"I'm well into *The Sweet Cheat Gone*," Fabia said, "but I may put it aside. I don't want ever to finish Proust. I might just go into New York, I read of a big sale of modern painting reproductions in yesterday's *Times*. I wonder if Marshall is having lunch with anyone."

"How do you know he went to work?" Victor said, getting up from the table.

"I didn't say he had," Fabia said lightly.

"No one could accuse my children," Dr. Bridge-water said in a tone much like his daughter's, "of stealing the bread out of the mouths of hard working people."

"I certainly hope you're not going to get any more pictures," Martha said, from the pantry: "we have enough of them around here."

"I don't know why you say that, Dad," Mrs. Bridge-water said, "you know you wouldn't want Fabia living in the city away from home. And I certainly wouldn't want her to have the exhaustion of commuting."

"But I get tired of just sitting around the house all day," Fabia said. "I wonder if I could get a job in Marshall's office."

"Why don't you quit beating around the bush and propose to him?" Victor said, winking at his mother.

"Perhaps because I'm afraid it might occur to Alice to propose to you," Fabia said tartly.

"Henry won't need your help if you dilly-dally much longer," Mrs. Bridgewater said.

"Though the same might not be said of Alice," Fabia said, her face beginning to glow.

"If you are going into New York," Dr. Bridgewater said, "I wish you'd go past the tobacconist's and find out why I have not received my cigars."

* * *

Marshall looked askance at an office boy who laid some papers on his desk. "Those should go in my 'in' tray, not on my desk," he said. "You must be new here."

"Yes sir," the boy said, leaving the office.

"Did the snow cause much trouble out your way?" Miss Burgoyne asked. Miss Burgoyne (Betty to the other secretaries in the firm) was older than Marshall and this showed in her manner toward him.

"Yes. Did it where you live?"

"No it hardly snowed at all where we are," Miss Burgoyne replied, "but I don't know how I would

have known because I didn't poke my head out-of-doors the entire weekend."

"Playing Chinese checkers?" Marshall said with a sneer.

"That boy brought you the wrong papers," Miss Burgoyne pointed out. "These are clearly marked 'claims'."

"It doesn't matter. I wanted to dictate some letters right now anyway."

"Perhaps they need these papers up in claims," Miss Burgoyne said patiently.

"That's not my lookout. Buzz the mail room for a messenger." Miss Burgoyne picked up Marshall's ringing phone and reported, "There's a Miss Bridgewater to see you. Shall I say you're busy?"

"I wonder if something's wrong at home. Have her come in, and since you're not busy would you mind running these papers upstairs yourself?"

"Mr. Bush can see Miss Bridgewater now," Miss Burgoyne said smoothly. She took the offending papers and left.

"I hope I didn't drag you out of a conference or anything," Fabia said. "I envy you businessmen your snug little offices."

"Is there something wrong at home?" Marshall asked.

"I don't know," Fabia said absently, "I haven't talked to Alice today. But I imagine you would have heard from Victor if there were," she added, taking

the chair Miss Burgoyne had recently vacated. "Was that the secretary you say is so bossy? I'm going shopping later for some reproductions of modern paintings. Perhaps I could give you a couple to brighten up your walls. I was wondering if you might care to have lunch at some fairly inexpensive place since I don't get my allowance till day after tomorrow. Say, do you think I could get a job here?"

"Certainly, if you can do typing and shorthand," Marshall said. "I was going to have my lunch sent up."

"Oh come on, you're not all that busy." Fabia had commenced hooking some paper-clips together so they formed a chain.

"Did your father send you here to spy on me?"

"Actually, I type faster than some touch-typists. Aren't there any positions that don't call for shorthand?"

"Only in the shipping department," Marshall said good-humoredly.

"Don't you have any call for receptionists or girl messengers or some kind of job that requires a uniform so I wouldn't have to keep my mind on my work?"

"I suppose I could ask Mr. Kelso," Marshall said.

"Oh well, I wouldn't want to start for about a month," Fabia said with a sudden lack of interest. "Why don't we go have some grub?"

Miss Burgoyne came in all out of breath. "If you're trying to offend me by imitating Alice," Marshall was saying, "you are."

"Excuse me, Mr. Bush," Miss Burgoyne said, "but I was wondering whether you want to dictate these letters right away. My mother and father have come into town to have lunch with me and they want very much to meet you."

"But I did meet them last year at the office party."

"I know, but they've forgotten what you're like."

"You could have met them and had it over with by now," Fabia said. "I mean, it's lunch time and we're all hungry."

"Oh here they are," Miss Burgoyne said, with a glance over her shoulder. "Shall I tell them to go away?"

"Hello there Mr. Bush," Mrs. Burgoyne said, ducking her head a little.

Fabia stood up, smiling graciously, as though in the presence of the Burgoynes her fur coat took on an added lustre. "Why don't we all have lunch together?" she said. "I am Fabia Bridgewater."

"These are my parents," Miss Burgoyne said to Marshall.

"Yes," Marshall said, "I remember meeting them very well. Let's eat." He pushed back the chair from which he had risen and took his topcoat off a hanger behind the door.

Mr. Kelso, a portly man in a brown overcoat and hat, and matching yellow wool scarf and gloves, materialized. "Oh dear," he said, "I hope you haven't forgotten our lunch date, Marshall."

"I'm afraid he's had a visitation," Fabia said. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne, Miss Burgoyne's parents. I am Fabia Bridgewater. Marshall and I are neighbors."

"I'm Irving Kelso," Mr. Kelso said. "May I ask permission to crash the party?"

"I suppose this confirms all your notions about the amount of loafing that gets done in offices," Marshall said to Mr. Burgoyne, who shrugged.

"Whose handiwork is this?" Mr. Kelso asked, picking up the chain of paper clips and shaking it lightly so it danced back and forth.

"Mine," Fabia said. "When I was at school we used to wear them like that with our sweaters. Instead of the conventional pearls."

"I like your fur coat," Miss Burgoyne said to Fabia in the elevator. "I was going to get a fur one last year, but somehow they look awful on me."

"I like yours," Fabia said, "but I hate fur-trimmed coats. I think people should either get a fur coat or a plain cloth coat."

"Shall it be Childs'?" Mr. Kelso asked as they passed the building directory, which was framed in brass oak leaves. "I must say, this certainly makes a pleasant change from our cut-and-dried routine."

"This is such a swank building, Mr. Kelso," Fabia said, "I suppose you only hire Sarah Lawrence girls who know typing and shorthand."

"Ha ha," Mr. Kelso said. "But if you're serious you can always drop in on our personnel department any morning before ten and tell them about yourself. There's always room in the firm for a pleasing personality."

"In the lower salary brackets, at any rate," Marshall said.

"I make it a rule never to cross against the light," Mrs. Burgoyne said, stopping short at the curb.

"I'm afraid you'll get us all arrested, mother," Miss Burgoyne said, mystifyingly.

"The perils of the machine age," Fabia said. Despite these, however, the party was soon comfortably seated at one of the larger tables in Childs'.

"Why don't we all have the oysters Rockefeller?" Marshall said.

"I don't see those on my menu," Mrs. Burgoyne said.

"Mr. Bush was joking," Miss Burgoyne said. "The menu has the cheese fondue on toast tips I told you about," she added. "But I don't know if you'd like it."

"Do you get into town much?" Mr. Kelso asked Mrs. Burgoyne pleasantly.

"Let's give our orders, Irving, then talk," Fabia said. They did so, though the ordering took some little time.

"I don't see why they always serve you a double order of toast when you order things on toast points," Mrs. Burgoyne said.

"I am ready to fall to with a hearty good-will," Mr. Kelso said, beginning to eat.

"I think part of that toast was intended for me," Fabia said sweetly.

"Betty, you better ask the waitress to bring her a plate to put her toast on," Mrs. Burgoyne said.

"Excuse the mistake," the waitress said, removing the toast, "I'll bring you some bread."

"Would you mind bringing me a knife or something to stir my coffee with?" Marshall asked, to the amusement of all.

"I always wonder what men talk about at their lunches," Miss Burgoyne said archly. The cheese fondue seemingly had affected her like wine. "I suppose they talk about business," she went on, "but that isn't what they look like they're talking about." She lapsed into sudden silence.

"By the way, did those papers ever get to claims?" Marshall asked.

"No," Miss Burgoyne said with a giggle, "I tore them into little pieces and dropped them down the mail chute."

Mrs. Burgoyne began to laugh and kept it up for quite a time. When she regained control of herself she said, "Betty, you'll be the death of me."

"Are you a commuter like the rest of us, Irving?" Fabia asked casually.

"I'm afraid I'm that rare bird, a born New Yorker," Mr. Kelso said. "Personally, I'd like to try the

suburbs, but it wouldn't suit Mother. You see, I live with my mother and she's getting on."

"Isn't that funny, I live with my mother too," Fabia said.

"And your father, and your brother," Marshall said.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters, Miss Burgoyne?" Fabia asked.

"Yes, we have a son who has an auto-supply store in Teaneck," Mrs. Burgoyne said. "He owns his own building and he and my daughter-in-law and three grandchildren live over the store."

"Mr. Bush has seen their pictures," Miss Burgoyne said. "And I have seen some pictures of his charming home. You were in one of them," she added, speaking directly to Fabia. "I think it was at a New Year's Eve party or something. At any rate you were in one of those strapless gowns."

Mrs. Burgoyne looked at Fabia as though identifying someone of whom she had heard.

"Ever done any curling?" Mr. Burgoyne said to Irving Kelso.

"Yes." Mr. Kelso allowed a pause to become pregnant, and then went on. "While I was overseas in the air corps I went for a rest leave to a castle turned over to the army in Scotland. By the time I left, I was curling like a native."

"Did you ever run into a Scotch mist?" Mr. Burgoyne inquired.

"No," Mr. Kelso said, "but there was a ghost in the castle where I stayed. It appeared to everyone on their birthdays, and as luck would have it, my birthday occurred during my stay there. About one o'clock in the morning of my birthday the door of my room opened and a figure clad in white came slowly toward me. I felt sure it was the ghost, but it was only the nurse come to give me a little scare and ask me if there was anything I needed. I told her, excuse the expression, to get the hell out."

"Then you were the only one who didn't really see the ghost?" Miss Burgoyne asked.

"I was coming to that," Mr. Kelso said. "About eleven o'clock in the evening of my birthday, another white-clad figure entered my room: the ghost. It passed close to me and murmured my name, Irving, in tones that I remember to this day."

"Are you Roman Catholic?" Mr. Burgoyne asked.

"'Irving' sounds like an odd name for a ghost to murmur," Marshall said.

"No, Presbyterian," Mr. Kelso said.

"It's not half as funny as if it murmured 'Marshall,' " Fabia said.

"Did it murmur the name of each person in the castle on their birthday?" Miss Burgoyne asked.

"I don't know about that," Mr. Kelso said, "but I know that on one other occasion, when a fellow from Wisconsin had a birthday, all the candles on the cake were blown out by an unseen force."

"It's a good thing we're hearing these creepy stories in a brightly-lit restaurant at noon," Mrs. Burgoyne said.

"Usually people don't believe me when I tell them about it," Mr. Kelso said. "In fact, without the testimony of my own senses, I wouldn't believe it either."

"I don't think I've ever thought about ghosts," Fabia said. "I suppose there isn't any reason not to believe in them, especially if you've seen one. There's a house at the end of our block that's supposed to be haunted."

"I never heard that about any house in your block," Marshall said. "I think you're giving your imagination free rein."

"What sort of ghosts is it supposed to have?" Mr. Kelso asked.

"It's not supposed to have ghosts so much as noises and cries," Fabia said.

"That could be said of almost any house in your block," Marshall said.

"What kind of a neighborhood are these people going to imagine I live in, Marshall? It's a lot quieter than living on a six-lane highway."

"Perhaps some boys got into the house and made the noises," Mrs. Burgoyne suggested. This remark caused the members of the luncheon party to become aware of the time.

"Are we going to have time for dessert?" Miss Burgoyne asked.

"We're a great family for desserts," Mrs. Burgoyne said. "You ought to hear these two wrangling over the last piece of fudge layer."

"I never eat them," Fabia said, "but if you're going to have one I think I'll have a liqueur. Do you have any crème de café?" she asked the waitress.

"Sure," the waitress said. "Any more liqueurs?"

"We can't let a lady drink alone, can we Marshall?" Mr. Kelso said.

"Sometimes it's difficult to stop them," Marshall said.

"That sounds like a heavenly idea," Mrs. Burgoyne said. "Would you like a B&B, father?" The order resolved itself into four B&B's, one crème de café and a Drambuie for Mr. Kelso.

"What is that tune coming over the Muzak?" Mrs. Burgoyne asked.

"The 'Intermezzo' from *The Jewels of the Madonna*, surely?" Mr. Kelso said.

"Doesn't Alice play this on her cello?" Fabia asked Marshall.

"I didn't know your sister was musical." Miss Burgoyne sounded hurt. "I'm intensely musical, though I don't read a note."

"Alice is musical," Fabia explained, "and I read a great deal."

"I try to read what's on the best-seller list," Mr. Kelso said, "but sometimes I can't stand the smut that gets printed."

"Separate checks?" the waitress asked.

"Some people just don't like to act as if they think the other person is right too soon," Alice said to Victor. "For instance, he still won't admit that he's gotten to like instant coffee. I don't mean that it's as good as the other kind, but you do get to like it."

"Why don't you blindfold him some time and make him taste both to see if he can tell the difference?" Victor said.

Alice looked vaguely at her cello case and didn't answer. The water on the stove came to a boil. Victor got up and fetched it. "Sometimes his nagging is enough to turn my stomach," he suggested.

"Leave a little room in the cup for the cream," Alice said. "It tastes vile without it."

"At Syracuse my roommate made me think of Marshall all the time. No matter what I was doing it seemed I should be doing something else. If I was studying I should have been at a football rally. And of course if I went to the movies I should have been studying. Once he went so far as to lock me in my room to prevent my attending a football rally. But I got even."

"What did you do?" Alice asked languidly.

"I put snow in his shoes. Just before he put them on. So it wouldn't melt and ruin them."

"What time are you going to pick me up after my cello lesson?"

"What time will you be through?"

"I'll tell you when we get there," Alice said. "Last night when I was walking in the snow I thought I would spend all of today out in it. I've scarcely stirred out of the house except to walk Marshall to the station and come home by a roundabout way."

"I like the out-of-doors, but not that much. What do you think about when you're outside all day?"

Alice smiled. "It's funny you should say that, because I do think differently out-of-doors. In the house I think about how much I want to get to New York, and when I'm outside I think about how it will be when I do get there. You know, the way I'll fix the apartment and evenings at concerts."

"You seem like too much of a nature-lover to be settling down in a skyscraper," Victor said.

"You can't have everything," Alice said. "What are your plans for the future?"

Victor answered seriously and decisively. "My family can't get it through their heads that even though I flunked out of school I won't be a professional man of some sort. When I get them straightened out I want to get a job on a boat and see something of the world."

"Let's get out of here," Alice said. "That nutty cello teacher starts charging me for his time on the stroke of the hour."

Luckily they arrived at Professor Scott's at the appointed time. Professor Scott was just opening

the front door to look for her. "Leave galoshes on the porch," he cautioned. "Is Victor coming in to wait?"

"No, he isn't," Alice said. "Come back in an hour if you want to walk me home, Victor."

"You can come back here and wait if you get too cold," the Professor said kindly. "I'm used to having young people around."

The room in which the cello lessons were given was filled with wicker furniture, ferns and stuffed birds under glass. It was so cold that frost congealed on the window panes, making it difficult for pupils to see the music as well as to perform it.

The telephone rang in the hall. "Now who can that be?" the Professor said, leaving the room. He returned shortly. "Did you make an arrangement to exchange times with Abel Greeley when you were here last?" he asked. "At any rate, his mother seems to think so, and she's on her way here with him now. It seems he has some terribly important engagement later this afternoon."

"That's great," Alice said. "What am I supposed to do meanwhile in this freezing place?"

"I know it's a terrible imposition," Professor Scott said cringeingly, "but Abel's mother is so important in the P.T.A. that I'm afraid my practice will suffer if I seem to offend her. You could stick around during his lesson and try your hand at the violin; we could play some trios. I wouldn't charge you for it."

"Oh all right, but you can't blame me for feeling peeved," Alice said.

"I'm sorry to take away your lesson time, Alice," Abel said. "Mother wants me to go to some party with her. She thinks her women friends are going to find a twelve-year-old trundling around with a cello a remarkable sight."

"I'm terribly mortified, Alice," Mrs. Greeley said. "Abel seemed to think he had exchanged times with you at his last lesson."

"Next time why don't we communicate by telephone?" Alice said. "What a becoming hat, Mrs. Greeley. Navy goes very nicely with those colors."

"I'm afraid it's a little impractical for this blustery day," Mrs. Greeley said, eyeing Alice's attire.

"We had best set to work," Professor Scott laughed. "Mrs. Greeley, would you care to be Deems Taylor during this performance, or would you rather wait in the other room?"

"Mmm, perhaps I'll do that," Mrs. Greeley said. "I saw Victor Bridgewater there on my way in and I've been wanting to have a chat with him."

"Oh, hello, Ma'am," Victor said, looking up from a copy of *Liberty*. "I saw you come in just now."

"I've been meaning to have a chat with you, Victor," Mrs. Greeley said. "How does it happen you're home in mid-term?"

"I'm not going to college any more," Victor said. "Are you going to sit down and wait too?"

Mrs. Greeley settled herself on a settee covered in slippery horsehair. "Isn't this a rather sudden decision?" she asked. "It must be very upsetting for your mother. Children can be so thoughtless." She smiled gently at Victor.

"It wasn't my decision," Victor said. He laughed rather loudly.

"My, somebody seems to be very badly out of key in there," Mrs. Greeley said after a thoughtful pause. "Are you planning to take up the study of music, Victor?"

"No," Victor said. "From what I hear I guess Abel has a pretty big future ahead of him in that line."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Greeley said, "but on the other hand," she continued with a sudden burst of frankness, "though he is talented in many areas, he never seems to take an interest in anything."

"That's the way I used to be," Victor said.

"No, Abel, not in triplets," Professor Scott said. "What's the sense in my marking things in your music if you don't play them? Alice was right that time, you've got to admit."

"OK Casals," Abel said, "let's hear you take it."

"I'm certainly glad I never took up the violin," Alice said. "It's so confusing not having something to lean on."

Professor Scott sighed and shook his head. "This trio was certainly a mistake. One of you is impudent and the other silly. Excuse me, Miss Bush, but it's

the only word that suits." He handed them their parts for a piece of music described on its cover as, Exercise for Two Stringed Instruments and Piano.

"Are you sure you want us to go through with this?" Abel asked.

"Sarcasm is a dangerous habit to cultivate, Abel. It may color your whole life and make your future bitter," Professor Scott said serenely.

"Oh come on," Alice growled, "let's finish this up before I catch pneumonia."

"You don't look like an incipient victim of pneumonia," Professor Scott said.

"I see sarcasm has not left your life uncolored," Abel said.

Professor Scott turned to gaze out the window at the somber landscape. Mrs. Greeley appeared, smiling, in the door. "You look like a study of the young Mozart and family. But I fear I must whisk Abel off."

"Don't apologize, Mrs. Greeley," Professor Scott said. "No, that's all right, I couldn't take any money for this lesson."

"Oh Abel," Mrs. Greeley said, looking at her son with secret pride.

"I don't suppose for a change you would like to carry the cello," Abel said.

"No, I would not," Mrs. Greeley laughed. "Now hop to it, you little imp."

Victor and Alice, in order to enjoy the effect of the sunset upon the snow, walked home by way of the

park. The park was a square area planted with elm trees. In the center of it there was a statue of a Confederate soldier, presented to the town by a town of the same name in a southern state, where, presumably, a statue of a Union soldier was to be found.

CHAPTER 3

"Miss Alice Bush," Irving Kelso said, "her brother and my co-worker, Mr. Marshall Bush, and—excuse me, Fabia—Miss Fabia Bridgewater, their neighbor and friend. My mother, Mrs. Kelso."

"How do you do," Mrs. Kelso said. "This is Fluffy. He's a little out of sorts today, so don't pay too much attention to him."

No one made any motion toward the white cat which lay, outstretched and watchful, at Mrs. Kelso's feet. Fluffy got up and left the room. "Oh dear," Mrs. Kelso said, "it must be one of you doesn't like cats."

"Would you country people like a drink before dinner?" Irving said. "We have gin, rum, bourbon, rye, rock-and-rye, Swedish punch and crème de menthe."

"I'm sure they would all like to sit down first, Irving," Mrs. Kelso said. "Won't you please seat yourselves?"

Fabia and Irving sat down on a tiny love-seat, and Marshall on an antique wooden chair. Alice sat on the piano bench. "This looks like one of those chairs guests aren't supposed to sit on," Marshall said.

"No, it's extremely sturdy," Mrs. Kelso said.

Irving took a white handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his jacket and held it across his forehead. "Your orders for drinks?" he said in a falsetto voice.

Everyone decided to try the Swedish punch except Mrs. Kelso, who poured herself a small glass of an unidentified liquid. The Swedish punch was served in tall ruby colored goblets with clear stems.

"What a lovely painting, Mrs. Kelso," Fabia said. "Did some member of your family do it?"

"Yes, they did," Mrs. Kelso said, "and no one so very far away."

"Could that be the famous haunted castle?" Fabia asked.

"It has certain features of that castle," Irving said with a blush, "but the basic idea came from my own head."

"I heard a most interesting broadcast today," Mrs. Kelso said firmly. Fluffy entered the room carrying a dead mouse.

"Funny, I never noticed that place on the ceiling before," Irving said.

"If you're looking at the place I am," Fabia said, "I think it's the shadow of the knob on that lamp."

"You look terribly uncomfortable, Mr. Bush," Mrs. Kelso said. "Why don't you sit on one of the less ornamental chairs. In the broadcast I heard," she went on, "a scientist explained how very close our planet is to being drained of its natural resources. He seemed to think it quite likely we would run out of them before men have learned how to harness solar energy or the tides, in which case we would all either starve or freeze."

"Oh Mildred," Irving said, "he sounds like a discredited alarmist to me."

"I'm sure it made very good sense as he explained it," Mrs. Kelso said. "The first thing to go will be coal."

"We could all go down South and live, until the food started running low," Alice suggested pleasantly.

"Collard greens with salt pork? Not for me thank you," Fabia said.

"I don't think it's a joking matter," Mrs. Kelso said.

"Are these goblets Bohemian glass?" Marshall asked.

"Of course I don't know why I'm criticizing you," Mrs. Kelso said, ignoring Marshall. "Being an inveterate apartment dweller, I'd be totally hamstrung if the electricity or the gas were to go off."

"By the by, Marshall," Fabia said, "I bought those reproductions of modern paintings. You must choose some for your office, if you'd like to have some."

"A funny thing happened at the office today," Irving said. "There's a new girl in accounts receivable..."

A maid silently entered the room and withdrew to indicate dinner was served. To reach the dining room it was necessary for the guests to file down a long hall past several shut doors. The hall was hung with etchings of various New York skyscrapers under construction.

"I thought you said there were no positions open in your office, Marshall," Fabia said.

"I'm not in personnel," Marshall said.

"I love these pictures of New York, always in a state of becoming," Alice said.

"Though high buildings going up must have been more exciting when there weren't so many," somebody else said.

The guests took their places at the table. The dinner menu was as follows: salted nuts in small dishes, a relish of olives and celery stuffed with roquefort cheese spread, consommé madrilène, broiled lamb chops, green peas and new potatoes, tomato aspic salad, baked Alaska. Rolls and demi-tasse. The demi-tasse was served in the living room.

"Tell me more about this new girl in the office, Irving," Fabia said. "I hope she's a shorthand champion so that I won't be forced to take issue with Marshall over his not having told me about the opening."

"That reminds me of what I was going to tell you. You see, Miss Markle—her name—is a speed-typist. This afternoon the electric speed-writer she uses went

haywire. She was typing some multi-forms and they came out of the roller all scorched."

"Marshall's secretary doesn't sound very bright on the phone," Alice said. "You could probably replace her, Fabia, if you're set on becoming a useful member of society."

"Marshall would be too much the slave-driver," Fabia said. "Besides, I couldn't go gunning for the job of someone I've met."

"Miss Burgoyne is invaluable," Irving said.

"Not if she keeps hinting around after a raise, she isn't," Marshall said.

"I'm sorry I can't invite you to watch television," Mrs. Kelso said. "Irving refuses to have a set in the house."

"Oh, Mother," Irving said. "It isn't as though you cared for it yourself. You know what you say about how the antennas look on all the roofs whenever we go out driving. What's that you're humming, Alice?"

"It's from Haydn's 'Surprise' Symphony," Alice said. "Say, would you mind if I browsed through your record collection?"

"As though you could stop her," Fabia murmured.

Alice pulled out a modern sonata for unaccompanied cello and slipped it dexterously onto the turntable.

"You see," Mrs. Kelso said as the first notes filled the room, "I told you some guest would enjoy playing it some time."

Alice turned down the volume. "I wondered how it got in with all that bagpipe music."

"Those were the gift of Scottish friends," Irving said, "who had once owned the castle were I spent my rest leave. They were awfully nice to us fellows. They even tried to get me to eat some haggis, the national dish of Scotland."

Marshall, who was sitting in a Cogswell chair, gave a start. "I see I'm having my usual after-dinner effect on you," Fabia said lightly. "Perhaps we should put on something livelier before he drifts off altogether," she explained to the other guests. "What is that record with the bright-colored cover I can see from here?"

"A few of F.D.R.'s more cogent speeches," Mrs. Kelso said. "No thank you," she said to the maid, who was passing a silver bowl filled with lumps of sugar. She turned to the others. "They think I'm funny," she said, "but I never take sugar in my coffee after a sweet dessert."

"Maybe this will be more to Fabia's liking," Alice said, taking off the cello sonata and putting on a doleful Highland lament.

"Good grief," Marshall said.

"What happened to that record of opera encores you bought, Sonny?" Mrs. Kelso asked.

"Music hath charms," Irving said, "but a rousing game of Monopoly might be more to the point."

"Do you all like to look at colored slides?" Mrs. Kelso asked. "Irving has some perfectly beautiful views of Florida and northern Britain."

"Florida," Irving said, getting up and trotting over to the bookshelf where the slides were stored. "That's right up your alley, Marshall."

"What?" Alice said. Fabia gave Marshall a puzzled but penetrating look.

"In fact," Irving blithely continued, beginning to switch off the lights in the room, "that motel at Coral Gables—the one Mother and I put up at—I'm next to dead certain I've got a couple of views of it here."

"You never told me you were planning to go to Florida," Alice said in the dark. "What a horrible idea. Or was it your plan to skip town and leave me with a quarter of a ton of coal and a fine-tooth comb? I suppose Fabia has known all about this for weeks."

"You're always complaining about having to stay home," Marshall began lamely.

"Oh my foot," Irving Kelso said in sincere tones. "Have I gone and given away your surprise? Fabia, would you mind turning on that lamp for a moment. No, that's all right—keep turning. There's a bulb in the socket but it's not a three-way bulb."

"Florida," Fabia said as she did so. "To take off my fur coat, lie in the sun a little, and not always worry about finding a job." She replunged the room in darkness at a signal from Irving and soon a scene of white sand, blue sea and sky slid onto the white window shade that was serving as a screen.

"Join the waves," Alice mysteriously punned. Mrs. Kelso laughed loudly. Irving followed suit a moment later.

"Isn't that the famous Bok Singing Tower?" Fabia asked Irving.

"No," Mrs. Kelso said, "It's part of the Rollins College campus."

"Of course we intended to ask you to come along," Fabia said to Alice. "Mummy and Daddy would never let me go without a chaperone."

"If that's your idea of a joke," Marshall said. "You could hurt Alice's feelings. She feels more than she shows."

"She must feel a good deal, in that case," Fabia said quietly, and screamed. "Oh," she said. "Something warm and soft just brushed against my leg."

"It must be you who doesn't like cats," Mrs. Kelso said. "Fluffy has an unerring instinct."

"Ouch," Alice said. "Now I'm getting it."

"You'd better show Fluffy the slides of himself now," Mrs. Kelso said. "He's getting impatient."

"That's a water moccasin," Irving said as the next slide came on the screen. "He's about to slip back into his black, oozy home. Sometimes this one gets a rise out of Fluffy."

"Of course, Alice, if you'd rather not come," Fabia persisted, "I suppose we could always ask Victor instead. He's been thinking of getting a job on a banana boat and maybe Key West would get it out of his system."

Marshall snickered derisively.

"Was that a laugh or a snore?" Fabia inquired. "Is that the Millionaire's Mile in Palm Beach, Irving?" she inquired, getting no response from Marshall.

"Could be," Irving said. "Say, I've been thinking, Marshall. I could stand a flop-down in some grade-A sunshine myself. Fabia, dear, would you turn on the light? That's all there is, there isn't any more, as the saying goes."

"Would anyone care for a tumbler of iced water?" Mrs. Kelso asked.

* * *

Six letters slid through the slot in the front door and lay motionless on the carpet. The cuckoo came out of its clock, surveyed the scene and retreated, having remarked on the half-hour. Some minutes later Fabia Bridgewater was seen to enter her mother's bedroom. She was wearing a becomingly tailored housecoat and carrying a tray on which there was an English breakfast set and three of the aforementioned letters.

Mrs. B. ripped open the first letter, and after a brief survey of its contents, inquired, "Where's Victor?"

"Downstairs, I think," Fabia said, in the act of wolfing a bun. "I had a very funny dream, but I can only remember part of it."

"I wish you'd go and see where Victor is," Mrs. Bridgewater said, "because in this letter which he mailed in town yesterday, he bids goodbye to all of us."

"I'm sure I heard him reading in the living room," Fabia said, going quickly out of the room and downstairs. Mrs. Bridgewater meanwhile made the discovery that her son's bed had been slept in the previous night, though he had evidently assembled his belongings for an escape from the house.

"Fabia," Mrs. Bridgewater called from her son's bathroom, where she had just discovered traces of his whiskers lining the washbasin, "Isn't that Victor out in the front yard?"

"Yes it is," Fabia called back from the living room, "Victor!" she called, "Yoo-hoo, Victor!"

* * *

"Your mother just called," Alice said. "She said for you to call her."

"Did she sound upset?" Victor asked nonchalantly.

"Why should she be?" Alice said. "Don't just stand there, help me. Can't you see I'm pulling all my hair out trying to unsnarl this curler?"

Victor leaned wearily against the sink. "I don't know why I'm never able to bring anything to a successful completion. I intended to leave home today and wrote mother a letter yesterday saying I was. But it got so cold during the night that I decided to wait till this morning, and the mail came before I was out of the house. It hardly seems worthwhile to go through with it now."

Alice stopped patting her hair and grabbed his arm. "Listen, Victor," she said, "I've got a wonderful idea. I'm coming with you and I've got it all worked out. Sit down first and I'll give you some lunch."

"I just had breakfast. You eat something though. No, the thing is, I'd sort of given up the banana boat idea. I was planning to hitchhike up to the Adirondacks and stay in a cabin a cousin of mine has up there until I get my bearings. I'm afraid you'd find it kind of primitive."

"I'm sure I would," Alice said, advancing testily toward the refrigerator. "You know you can't just keep running away."

"I don't see why," Victor said sulkily. He refused to look at the dish of scalloped potatoes Alice had just set in front of him.

"Be sensible," Alice said. "Sooner or later you're going to have to think about earning a living. Now I have several ideas for how I would make money if I lived in New York."

"I couldn't stand living in New York," Victor said.

"For instance," Alice went on, "it is very easy to learn to do silk screen. We could do a line of greeting cards of unusual design and distribute them through bookstores and specialty shops."

"Where I would I fit into this?" Victor asked. "Not that I'm interested."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like Fabia when she isn't around. You don't when she is. Even if I do all of the de-

signs myself, I'm going to need someone to help with the printing, promotion, distribution and book-keeping."

Victor choked on the scalloped potatoes he was eating. "Book-keeping! I'm not going to do any book-keeping. What do you think I got out of going to college for?"

"Oh all right," Alice said, "you can be the delivery boy. In fact I don't know why I mentioned any of this to you in the first place."

"It's awfully cold in here," Victor said. "You know, before I thought of going to the Adirondacks, I was going to go to New York and take some aptitude tests. They're very helpful in showing you where your real talents lie and in preventing you from getting into the wrong field."

"Who do you think is going to finance all this?" Alice asked.

"I've got some money put by," Victor said. "Not much, but enough."

Fabia came in without knocking. "Victor, I want to speak with you privately," she said.

"Aw, cut it out, Sis," Victor said. "Alice knows all about it anyway."

"Why did you run out of the yard when you heard me calling you?" Fabia asked.

"You didn't mention that part of it," Alice said.

"It's not that I disapprove of your running away," Fabia said. "Heaven knows, I would too if I had the chance."

"Shucks," Victor said. "Two against one is no fair in any man's language."

"Do you want some lunch, Fabia?" Alice asked.

"No, I just had breakfast. Besides, I'm thinking of dieting. Oh, well, just a spoon of scalloped potatoes and a bit of that meat loaf."

Alice heaped a pink willow-ware plate with scalloped potatoes and two slices of meat loaf and set it down in front of Fabia.

Victor looked restive. "How's Mother taking it?" he asked.

Fabia waited until her mouth was no longer full, and then said, "She seemed rather calm about the whole thing. After all, it's not so unusual for a man of nearly nineteen to leave home."

"Please," Victor said. "No editorializing. Just describe the events as they happened."

"Besides," Fabia said, "You haven't even gone anywhere yet."

"I wish I could remember exactly what day it was Marshall baked this meat loaf," Alice said.

"Do I hear someone maligning my cuisine?" came a familiar voice from the front hall. Marshall shepherded Dr. and Mrs. Bridgewater into the room.

"We seem to have arrived just in time for eleven-sies," Mrs. Bridgewater said.

"Ah," Dr. Bridgewater said, "Here you are, Victor."

CHAPTER 4

"I'm disappointed," Fabia said. "I expected the sea to be bluer. I know it's quite blue, but I expected it to be even bluer."

And indeed, both sky and sea grew pale beside Irving Kelso's shirt, on which azure and indigo night-jars were at work and play. "It was certainly big of your dad," he said, "to cough up enough of the green stuff so that Victor could join us—I mean right after he got booted out of Syracuse."

"I think he thought that a nice rest away from Alice would have a settling effect on Victor," Fabia said. "Though I could have told him at the time Alice doesn't take her cello lessons all that seriously."

"Apropos of that, isn't that Victor and Alice standing under that palm over there?" Irving asked. "Who is that woman with them—I can't see."

"It looks like that awful Mrs. Greeley," Fabia said. "From home."

"The next voice you hear," Irving laughed, "will be Fluffy's. Say, they're certainly taking their time with those Planter's Punches. We're never going to get to take that tour through the Everglades at this rate."

"Did Marshall forget to tell you? The Everglades tour is an all-day affair."

Meantime, Mrs. Greeley was saying, "We're—Abel and I, that is—at the Kennedy Towers. Abel would

like so much to see you, Victor, I know. And you too, Alice."

"Will do," Victor said. "Is it coral snakes whose bite kills instantly?"

"Why do you want to know?" Alice asked.

"Because we're in Florida, the home of the coral snake, the cotton mouth and the barracuda," Victor said.

Mrs. Greeley shuddered. "I'm glad Abel isn't interested in biology," she said. "He's seen six movies in the three days we've been here."

Victor stopped emptying sand out of his tennis shoes. "What ones?" he asked.

"*Rashomon*, *Gate of Hell*, *The Baker's Wife*, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *Johnny Guitar*, and *Mädchen in Uniform*," Mrs. Greeley said. "He's been doing handstands all morning because this weekend the Fine Arts is showing a Magnani double bill—*The Honorable Angelina* and *The Bandit*."

Victor gazed about him. "It sure gets dark early down here," he said.

"The tropics," Mrs. Greeley said, with the air of an Old China Hand. "My regards to all—and remember, do give a ring." But she showed no sign of leaving. "Isn't that your sister over there on the terrace, Victor?" she asked. "Who is that distinguished gentleman she seems to be having drinks with? Ought we to join them? Perhaps to say hello?"

"You're not allowed on the patio terrace in your bathing suit," Alice said. "Of course, *you* could go."

"Well, I wouldn't want Fabia to think I was avoiding her," Mrs. Greeley said, drifting purposefully toward the terrace.

"How about taking a walk down to the docks before it gets dark?" Victor suggested. "Maybe there's a banana boat in."

"No," Alice said. "Not in my bare feet. I hate looking at boats anyway. I want to change and finish my daily stint of *Anna Karenina*."

"Are you still reading that?" Victor asked. "Do you always go swimming without a bathing cap?" He eyed her lank locks.

"Of course, stupid. I want my hair to get caked with salt. Then it will look streaky and blonder when we go home. On second thought, I don't think I will read now. I'd like some brick ice cream—the kind that comes in three flavors, you know."

Victor's sun-reddened face brightened at the suggestion. "Okay," he said. "Meet you in the Crocodile Room in fifteen minutes."

"Oh, I'm not going there," Alice said. "It's too modern and garish. I'm going to that place we passed this morning, with the ceiling fans. It's like a real old-fashioned drug store."

Victor shrugged his assent. "How will I find it?" he asked.

"That's easy," Alice said. "It's right on Ponce de Leon. It's called 'Gregg's Pharmacy'."

Approximately one half-hour later they were resting their bare forearms on the chilly marble top of a soda fountain. Overhead the picturesque old fans drove the air in sullen wise.

"You know," Alice was feverishly whispering. "If you set it all up in New York—a real old-fashioned soda-fountain—it would create a sensation."

"Excuse me," the man behind the counter said. "But this pharmacy could never be duplicated today. You see those globes full of colored water? They stopped making them in the middle thirties. My father bought those around 1910. This fountain is made of Carrara marble. People nowadays aren't interested enough to import it."

Victor was visibly shaken. "I thought Carrara marble was white," he said.

The man frowned. "Many people think that," he said. "It comes in all colors of the rainbow."

Alice smiled kindly at the grizzled man. "I think you are confusing Carrara marble in particular with all marbles in general."

Victor's face betokened relief at having one of the few facts of which he was in certain possession restored to its place.

"What about those fans? Do they still make them?" Alice asked with a condescending smile.

"Yup," the man said. "The fan factory is about a block and a half from here. You probably want to hurry up and finish and go take it in."

"I wish those wire chairs weren't such a cliché," Alice to Victor. "Still, if we opened a soda fountain people would expect to see them in it."

Victor, whose face had gotten very red, began to whistle "Marching through Georgia" loudly. The man turned to wait on a pretty blonde woman who spoke with a French accent.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Victor," Alice said, "Stop whistling."

"I would like a tunafish salad sandwich on rye toast and a glass of mineral water," the woman said, glancing at Victor whose whistling grew louder. Tired of the marching air he had switched to "Je suis Titania."

"Voulez-vous me passer le sel, s'il vous plaît," Alice said to the woman.

"Comment?" the expensively turned-out dish said in sincere bewilderment when she realized it was she who was addressed.

"She said, will you please pass the salt," Victor said, reaching in front of her and doing same.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the woman said, "I didn't see it. Here—would you like the pepper too?"

"Certainly not," Alice said sharply, carefully sprinkling salt onto the melon but not onto the ice cream that nestled in its center.

"I used to have a pen pal in France," Victor said. "In Limoges."

"What strangeness," the woman said opening her elaborately made up eyes very wide. "I too am of

Limoges. Or at least, I sometimes as a child passed my Easter vacation there, visiting my great aunt, a Limousine."

Victor laughed heartily. "I hope she has fog lights," he said. "My pen pal was named Paul Lambert," he went on. "It's a name that can be either English or French. I always planned to go visit him and stay with his folks. But that's a lost cause now. You see I was recently expelled from college."

"Oh," the Frenchwoman exclaimed. "You wealthy, irresponsible Americans." Now it was Alice's turn to laugh heartily.

"Have you been here for a long time?" Victor asked.

"I am here many times," the woman said. "Always for short periods. Since you do not, permit me to introduce myself. Claire Tosti. No, I am not related to the famed composer," she added with a little laugh.

"Victor, we're going to be late for the movies if you don't hurry up," Alice said. "They're showing *Bitter Rice* and *Tight Little Island* at the Fine Arts tonight," she explained to Claire.

Claire wrinkled her nose in distaste. "I," she said, "care only for the films of Abel Gance. Are you acquainted with his epical *Napoléon*? In France we have a film society where they show only old films," she added.

"Claire," Victor said with an unexpected show of suavity, "I would like you to meet Miss Alice Bush.

My name is Victor Bridgewater. We are both from Kelton, New York."

"I'm very pleased to meet you," Claire said.

The man behind the counter, galvanized from the torpid attitude in which he had been listening to this conversation, said: "Kelton, New York! Do you know some people up there name of—I can't think of their name right now. She's an average sized woman with gray hair. He's taller but more on the thin side—but not what you'd call skinny."

"The Ralstons," Alice said. "They live near the station."

Their interlocutor laughed maliciously. "Never know it from the airs they put on down here."

"The neighborhood of the station is quite a desirable one," Alice explained. "All of the older homes are to be found there."

"You Americans have such quaint ideas of time," Claire said. "In France I live in a house that is 400 years old."

"So what," Victor said. "The kitchen in her and her brother's house was built in 1628."

"Or earlier," Alice said. "That's simply the date in the hearth."

"What excites me about America is the modern architecture," Claire said. "Have you been in the Crocodile Room?"

"I'm nuts about place," Victor said. "Sometimes Pancho lets me play the marimba. What say we get

up a party and go tomorrow night? You, me, her, her brother, my sister and Irving Kelso."

"Who is Irving Kelso?"

"He is from New York City and works in her brother's office."

"It sounds enchanting," Claire said. "May I bring my friend along?"

Victor's face fell, and Claire laughed. "I tease you," she said. "There is no friend. I accept with delight."

"Fellow made me a pretty good offer for those chairs," the man behind the counter said. "I said no, but he'll be back."

A figure wearing Bermuda shorts and a pith helmet entered the store. "Give me a bottle of your deadliest poison," it said to the man behind the counter. "Oh hello everybody." It was Marshall.

"Is this the business man from New York City?" Claire asked amid the laughter that had ensued.

"What's the pith helmet for?" Alice asked. "These aren't the desert sands of Libya, you know."

"It's for the rain," Marshall said.

The hostess came forward to meet them across the slippery floor. "Good evening," she said brightly. "You know," she went on, addressing Fabia, "they say it's the largest rainfall within a twenty-four hour period since the weather bureau was opened."

"Hunh," Marshall said. "There's the rest of our party."

In the blue light that fell from a cellophane cocoanut, Claire was explaining to Irving Kelso, "My work as a voyageuse de commerce in perfumes necessitates these innumerable trans-Atlantic trips."

Alice was staring moodily at Victor who was staring at Claire.

"Odd," Irving said. "I would have taken you for a professor. Or that woman who wrote that book about her parents who discovered radium."

Fabia rested one hand lightly on Irving's shoulder. "Eve Curie," she remarked, "is a brunette, not a blonde. Good evening. I'm Fabia, Victor's sister."

"Oh, hi, everybody," Victor said.

"*Enchantée*," Claire murmured almost inaudibly. "Mlle. Curie is also old enough to be my mother."

"No, I didn't mean the mother," Irving said, "the one who actually discovered radium."

Overhead the tropic rains thundered on the sliding roof which was, of course, closed.

"You mean this is the table you *reserved*?" Alice asked Marshall. "How do you expect to me see through that pillar?"

"Please take my place, Alice," Fabia said.

"And you sit next to your brother?" Alice said. "Where's the point of coming to Florida in that?"

"You can sit here in a minute," Victor said. "I think Pancho is going to ask me up to play the marimba."

"In that event," Marshall said, "I'll ask Mlle. Tosti to dance—before the music grows too esoteric for my feet."

"You probably never heard of some of the crazy dances we do," Fabia said, "like the rhumba. But Marshall is a wonderful teacher."

"The rhumba, the mambo, the cha-cha-cha," Claire said, throwing up her arms in a gesture frighteningly reminiscent of Marta Eggerth. "What dance ever can replace the *valse* !" She left her place and shortly she and Marshall, forehead to forehead, were going through some skilled Latin manœuvres.

Fabia pretended to admire the gladioli on the table. "Who is this soi-disant French woman?" she asked Irving.

Choses passagères

A John Ashbery

J'écorche l'anguille par la queue, peut-être un nœud
d'anguille, ou il y a anguille sous roche,
je ne fais que toucher barres.
Chapeaux bas ! mais, il n'y avait pas un seul chapeau,
et moi, j'avais beaucoup travaillé dans le temps.
J'avais souffert un grand échec, mystérieusement.
Qui se sent galeux se gratte !

Hébergement ? je suis à la hauteur d'une île, c'est du
hasard, et je ne suis pas une haridelle,
plein d'impudicité, non, non, j'imprime un mouvement
à une machine
la semaine des quatre jeudis, du temps que la reine
Berthe filait.
J'aime les kinkajous partout.
Hier soir, j'étais un labadens ; maintenant ? je suis un
lavabo.
Je mange les morilles moresques, quelle suffisance !
Je suis un homme qui se noie, montant un cheval à nu,
et mon ciel est couvert de nuances.
Est-ce que j'ai un bel organe, hein ? je fais ses orges
très bien, pourquoi pas ?

Ce fruit est du poison tout pur, c'est la pure vérité,
et pourquoi pas ?
ça ne nous rajeunit pas ! La rouille ronge le fer,
c'est un souvenir soviétique.
Le trébuchage, le tric-trac, vous vous trompez ! dites
voir turlututu chapeau pointu !
Ce drap est d'un bon user,
pour trouver l'usurpateur utérin. Oui, mais, je suis seul.
Par monts et par vaux, le valet de bourreau vient,
c'est un wattman vulcanien, et j'ai peur.
Il pleut. Je mange un xiphias.
Il n'y gagnera rien, je suis une yole, un you you, moi.
Tu es un homme zéléteur, donc ? Mon ange, tu as un
œil qui dit zut à l'autre.

Milk

When I was a young boy growing up in the country
of old women
My knees were worn and wrinkled.
The traffic roared
And flower lips spoke to trees
In a monotone about the rented moving van,
And the walking umbrellas on the beach
Were talking to their carnivorous and carnival comrades
About the weather in the shoe.
When I was an old man in a city of young women
Where tire-tracks of infants made love
To one another
The motors of the flies and bees conked out.
Jasamine, I love you.
Say the word ! Don't fly off the hobby horse.
For when I was a middle-aged man vomiting up the
country of old women,
Expectorating exit signs and eagles' nests,
There were toilet-paper love notes from my Jasamine,
my love,
My love, my love, my love,

Who has hair like an usherette in a neighborhood movie
house,
And eyes like a neighborhood house,
And ears like a neighborhood horse pulling a flower cart
And teeth of colored venetian glass.
O country of old women and young women and middle-
aged women !

DANIEL KRAKAUER, AESCHYLUS, THE N.Y. DAILY
NEWS & A HANDBOOK ON BIRDLIFE

Jack Who Yawned

ACT ONE

ANNOUNCER

crittock crittock crittock
calicobac and chicaree
we request the pleasure
of your company
kuk-kuk kuk-kuk
kow-kow kowkow
we would love
to have you with us

JACK

why do I linger thus—
o noble sport of falconry

JILL

it's Jack. Why, you've changed !

CHORUS OF 100 ELDERS

ah how changed
how sadly changed
it must have happened
on his way home:
one of those cosmic accidents
stopping the wristwatches

ANNOUNCER

it's his handwriting:
with heavy beak and bright-red face
kee kee

JACK

when the countless persian host
left for hellas' distant coast...
darling
nine out of ten do
why don't you?

JILL

because you can almost
hear it MOOOOO !
you silly

(they kiss)

SPINSTER

pork

JACK

ahemm, yes...

JILL

as I was saying...

ANNOUNCER

now my prophet-mind within
darkly musing doth begin
the wingspread of both male
and female is almost four feet
anything we can do to please
other names: semi-palmated
sandpiper (not: paper), sand
peep, beach peep, peep !

CHORUS

Brangaene with brengun oftines in elevators espied
went forth the haggard smoke. ai ai o argos. card-
board-blisters curving stripes of electric fur-trade—

ANNOUNCER

all over dry cactus-ranges
and twilight of mesquite-beans
weddings small and private
hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, bur-r-r-rrrr

SPINSTER

pork

SATYR

musk

(they grapple)

CHORUS

a many-colored dust is where no dawn—is dawning.
gustav mahler had his eternal beloved
yet he withdrew his libido—a message
fraught with bale

SATYR

(from behind the scene)

I am smitten

SPINSTER

(from behind the scene)

pork

SATYR

I am smitten mortally here
in the palace

SPINSTER

pork

SATYR

again I'm stricken

JACK

three times !

JILL

O boy. Let's get
out of here.

CHORUS

they're bleeding in each other's arms—
bleeding each other.

'Tis finished. That groan
concluded all.

ANNOUNCER

our heartfelt sympathy, David.
their bellies are sometimes floating
in shallow tidal pools. Willy-willet,
pill-willet, willy-weeeet.

(Cleopatra is seen on Fifth Avenue. At a signal from
a secret agent all the streetcorners turn their back:
SRRRAAMMMM. She is running and running and
running, followed by Moses, the Israelites and the
whole Army of Shriners banging away on their drums.)

End of Act One

INTERMISSION

USHERETTE

Sir, the fire-department
is cracking down

JOSEF

*(confused, he gets rid of his cigarette by throwing it be-
hind a row of empty seats in the background. An instant
later the explosion hurls three black mice into space)*

USHERETTE

ter-wheedle-wheedle-wheedle
widdle-widdle-widdle !
we only wanted
that love should reign
but black was the rain
on mottled marshlands

SCIENTIST

(murmurs)

...indeed designed to
advance a calculus at
military justice...

JOSEF

who busted the smoke
of my crazy churchwindow,
ignited
the silver carousel ?
three shapes I saw ascending,
called Tuesdaynight
 Wednesdaynight
 Thursdaynight,
the white waterwet scales

USHERETTE

darn those scientists
they only think
about the bloodcount

JOSEF

(taking her into his arms)

darn ! darn ! darn ! but oh
sweet dormitory on my shoulder !
(they elope)

ACT TWO

ANNOUNCER

to thee o sun I pray
one room I'd like, nay, one double
room with bath
kurroonk kurroonk
some are beautiful cocoons
revealing drab butterflies
but she arises in flight
atlantic wings pure white
and blue—a place for everything
the woodcut choochootrain
the number 18
the red mad seesaw . . .

JACK

(yawns)

methinks, sepulchral yawn assailed me
with fear of death

JILL

serves you right
for yawning in company

CHORUS

threats have been uttered right here on this floor
as to who shall go white first

SECOND CHORUS OF 100 ELDERS

Pardon, but we didn't get you. "white"
did you say or was it "tight".

CHORUS

tight. Like a drum over cheekbones

SECOND CHORUS

And will he lack the proper brilliant motif
when the hour strikes ?

CHORUS

Rest assured, brethren, he will not.

SECOND CHORUS

In other words: lies to the bitter end ?

CHORUS

Lies.— Lies like: bah, it's nothing
just a change, a new beginning, like your first
haircut in a strange town.

SECOND CHORUS

How long do we have to listen to all
those dirty lies ! ?

CHORUS

Lies—just let the wind blow, the grass grow,
no one will be the wiser.

TOGETHER

Lies, lies, lies.

ANNOUNCER

Migrating swallows
were mulberry-red. Dogs
digging holes in lawn
with festooned smiles . . .
more sorcery !

JACK

But perhaps it is somewhat a matter of style ? ! ?

CHORUS

Perchance . . . ?

SECOND CHORUS

Mayhaps . . . ?

ANNOUNCER

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Griffith, their facial
disks reddish-brown bordered with yellow
owing to their child's illness are obliged
to withdraw the invitation, hoo-HOO,
hoo-HOO, hooHOO, hoo-HOOEEEEEEEE

JACK

But friends, you with engine-skills, with
alphabets flowing on wan ribbons, twoheaded
devices of gloomy-gleam—no matter how crisp
the thunder crackled round your hideous castles
of frankenstein—our cry emerged into a global chain
of corridors. wucha-wucha-wucha. kkeeeeeeeeer-rr-
chad-chad-chadchadchad: the enormous skies
are demolished and re-embodied, when you light,
celestial light, our lamps.

Under the Stones, Where It Is Shy

To Khlebnikov

I

However green is yawning
There is a character behind it all
The time. In the sneakers of a second
The girls are edging behindhand.
It is different from hiding
In the sleeping bag
Where ladies approach their thistles.

II

Comments by Greta

I'm lazy in the wheat
And the remarkable.

III

The yellow cat jabbed the apple
Back and forth across the room,

Observed the weight of a spider
Pressed against the mop
And weeps in a foreign tongue.

IV

Comment by Greta

Oh ! Now that there are several butterflies
There will be ants.

V

There is a hay arranged outwardly.
Advancing, the autumn grows fat
As the ear at the rustling of costumes.

The Car

Choke: I am a bloke. My name is choke.

Wheel: I am a wheel, central feel of the automobile.

Gear: I am a gear. You all fear me.

Tires: I am the tires, a raspberry is filled with sins.

Window: I am a window. I know everything.

Windshield Wiper: I am a wiper of window that shield-wiper.

Crank: I am a crank.

Crankcase: I am a crankcase.

Nurse: Bottoms up.

Transmission: I am the transmission, ever close to you.

Trunk: I am a trunk, full of personality.

Dashboard: I am my setting sun, a dashboard.

Clutch: I clutch. We like each other.

Brake: Brake, brake, brake.

Shift: Shifty me you like to see.

Roof: I am roof, the winter's tooth.

Throttle: They call me throttle. Relax everybody.

Backseat: I am the backseat. Climb up and down.

Petroleum: I am petroleum, love's dream.

Doctor: Where the hell is that nurse?

Nurse: I am in the glove compartment.

Glove Compartment: I am the glove compartment,
your love department.

Armagnac or The Visitor

So another glass
In the steely mid-western farmhouse the banana smell
 sickened the pets
So another scream from the spoon park
O jukebox in my bedroom !
I glued your envelope to my heart
The farmhouse's Genevieve vacated the icehouse
While the villagers were home in their hay
Those pets, the police distrust their highway cordon
The Bering Sea ! Of men, ships, forts
Dormant was that closet and kitchen and den synthesis
And that flower I brought to an impasse of green
The volcano will remain unenameled
Fires, rocks, Sealyhams, coat our sleds, O plastic
 slalom !
Sleep, Sleepyheads !
Our Pelts, the Sleuth, the wayward Hinges, the Hay
 Blossoms
O sweet farm families ! jiggling in your boxcars
Like stepping from the sidewalk, the road
Wild dreams of ice seem sensible
To the awful foot and packet gardens.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS, GREGORY CORSO
& ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Everywhere March Your Head

A rap of
sound
A.

turns
Urns back O
Our lots con
the time to you

change
no mat
desires
Arrival of////

you finger on the
starts &&

These
stance of
O will go...

begin
ire...

Everywhere
march
your
head

*(Cut up of Rimbaud's "To a Reason",
arrangement by Burroughs & Corso)*

WILLIAM BURROUGHS, GREGORY CORSO
& ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Sons of Your In

sons of your in
tea see
rib tent
of ten in

new
n
eve
n.

us
bore
the
harm...

detour
homes
a head &

at head return
return

commence her
the is I
march

Raise everywhere
a blow of
one step///

and the
Ta T
he too

vows ch
charge
on he
water
T

the am
hots
He cha
stance

raise
new
tone

see
the new
Change knows
the Time t...

*(Cut up of Rimbaud's "To a Reason",
arrangement by Burroughs & Corso)*

Cut Up

Emphatically important function
greenboots legitimacy—
Affiliated common cause
whatever the difficulties be;
it has been my intention
so let the elements raid
I promise to carry on—
Understood expectation HQs
no peril to U.S. held likely
the brown goat stains civilian
& military leadership—
With final agreement to this
and all that has been said
hitherto for and it is my
contention that no territorial
gains be garland with rosed feet—

News

A crowd of twenty-three thousand coy mistresses is expected to turn out this morning for the forty-four day ruby-finding meet by the Indian Ganges' side. Eighth race on the card is scheduled for quaint honor to succumb to the tide at 4.35 P.M. and will be telecast. Thus while her willing soul transpires, she who wins shall take her due except she come up with the same bruised thigh that put her out of action last week.

*

"This measure," the Attorney-General stated, "This legislation—which I endorse—requires some thirty thousand skylarks to register for the first time with my office." And he left the room.

*

"Cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo," president of the Young Cuckoo's Christian Association board said today during the appointment of a married man as general chairman of the YCCA's local \$800,000 building and expansion

campaign. "When daisies pied and violets blue," the president continued, "Cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo." The president's speech will be repeated again tonight in a nationwide broadcast.

■

Miss Diana Palmer went roaring through a ceremony tonight of white lace whips waving wild and hurtling with winds of eighty miles an hour or more over the top of the Wedding March straight to the bottom of Christ Church (Baptist) with Mr. Theodore Van Huston. This was her maiden voyage.

■

A young man in scanty contemplation clad was picked up yesternight while suffering a dialect change at the junction of Eighth and Grant Streets. He is said to be the first of the season.

URI GAGARIN & WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
ARRANGED BY RUTH KRAUSS

compare thee
more lovely and
a single spin around the earth
winds do shake
withstanding well the state of weightlessness
too short
too hot
and often could see the earth my native
fair from fair sometime declines
through portholes no
by chance or
speed and changing course
shall not fade
I remember
possession of that fair
in my swift flight
covered in areas by clouds
and in his shade
eternal lines
alone
So long as men can breathe or eyes
So long
no falling continuously no

Six Collaborations

THE YOUNG COLLECTORS

Donna gave the Tom Sawyer button to Carla.
The lamplight button lay sweltering on the sand.
Cy gave the hills and flowers button to his niece Edna.
When will blue water flow? When will a sigh fall
from the hot chocolate button?
Maybe I have a Sandy button in my other collection.
The stars fade, and Mary's delphinium button is no
more.

Ann's clothes will tear because of the blue Mexico
button.
Hamlet said the Bernard Berenson button was looking
a little sick today
In the sunlight of Petrarch buttons. When will the
moon come out?
Toby gave Phil six foxglove buttons.
The lake lay at Sandra's feet like a Job button.
Where was the horse? He was sitting on a tennis
court button.

The lemon-yellow maple leaf button dried out in the wet house.

Zeus gave Athena a Christmas tree button.

Harry flipped the Joel Chandler Harris button into the stove.

The house sank in the sea like a Nell Gwynn button.

Dante pinned a Beatrice button on the old mossy tree.

The lint button was pinned inside the pocket of the scarecrow.

CRONE RHAPSODY

“Pin the tail on the donkey,” gurgled Julia Ward Howe. A larch shaded the bathtub. From the scabiosa on the desk

The maple gladioli watched Emily Post playing May I ? in the persimmon bathtub with the fan.

“Nasturtiums can be eaten like horseshoes,” murmured the pumpkin, “but on Hallowe’en when Cécile Chaminade’s Rhapsody roars in the beeches and a bathtub chair

Holds Nazimova, a lilac palm plays mumbledy-peg with an orange bathtub filing cabinet,

And Queen Marie of Roumania remembers the Norway maple.” Pitching pennies from the canteloupe bathtub, I remembered the poppy and the typewriter,

The mangrove and the larkspur bathtub. I saw a banana Carrie Nation ducking for apples in the lamp.

Oak dominoes filled the bathtub with a jonquil. A crab-apple rolled slowly toward the Edith Wharton lamp, Crying, "Elm shuffleboard ! Let the bathtub of apricots and periwinkles give May Robson a desk !"

"Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head," chanted the black raspberry. A zinnia dropped from the plane tree into a rotting bathtub. Dame Myra Hess slumped over the typewriter

And wrote, "Dear Madame de Farge: A sycamore, an aster, and a tangerine, while playing scrub in my bathtub, noticed a fan

Of yours. Do you remember the old cottonwood tree by the auction bridge ? It's now a bathtub. The freesia is gone. And an apple placed Queen Victoria in the filing cabinet.

Forget me not, as Laura Hope Crewes once spelt out in anagrams while we were all eating honeydew melon. I write you this from the bathtub and from a willow chair."

A raspberry bathtub was playing leapfrog with Sarah Allgood in the heather. Junipers hemmed in the yellow Ukrainian chair.

In the apple tree Queen Mary of the Chrysanthemums shared a grape rook bathtub with her insect lamp.

The cranberry juice was playing water polo with the dwarf plum tree. Margaret Dumont approached the bathtub. A song came from within the wisteria-covered filing cabinet—

The gooseberries were playing golf! Louisa May Alcott lifted a water lily from the poison-oak bathtub: "Put this on the desk,

Mrs. August Belmont." In the poison sumac grove a spitting contest was in full swing. The bathtub peeled seven mangoes, and a petunia fan,

Known to the orchid prune as Dame May Whittie's bathtub, felt curvaceous playing house with a eucalyptus typewriter.

The Clara Barton irises worshipped a baseball pineapple. O bathtub! "A birch rod," wrote the typewriter Of papaya (its bathtub keys tapped by Bess Truman sitting beneath the cypress—or was it a grape hyacinth?), "guided the society craps game from a red chair

To where the cherry polo faded under the holly tree." "Pear-blossom," called Edna May Oliver to the brick bathtub, "fetch me my fan.

It's over there on the Lydia E. Pinkham musical chairs." But peach ash smothered the bathtub with a calendula lamp.

"Capture the flag," whispered briar rose to mandarin orange. Standing by the bathtub, Lady Gregory thought of her spruce desk.

“A grapefruit for your tulip,” Ethel Barrymore said to the cherry tree checkers. And the bathtub knew the embrace of the filing cabinet.

That was the year that a calla lily bought Colette’s *Ice Hockey* in the capital of Honduras. It was the year of the bathtub Ice Age and the flowering of the stone pear. The catalpa shivered gently in the shade of the filing cabinet.

Then Barbara Frietchie skipped rope under the ginkgo tree, spitting buttercups on the loganberry bushes. In the dim light of the bathtub formed a typewriter. The bathtub fell amid orange blossoms. The black walnut tree fell amid lemon soccer balls. Marie Brizard fell under the desk.

But who won the sack race ? Spirea split the bathtub. Why, here is Susan B. Anthony holding up a raisin to the sequoia chair !

And here is the Joshua tree. Mistinguett thought about the tomato. The bathtub was nailing up the rules for seven-card stud by the light of a crocus lamp.

All of these things were confided by a pine tree to a primrose in the bathtub. Inside the pomegranate Ivy Compton-Burnett was playing hand tennis with her fan.

In her locust bathtub Maria Ouspenskaya was playing spin-the-bottle with a violet strawberry. The big fan

Who had once known Mary Roberts Rinehart, strangled by hemlock, wanted the rose whortleberry to play doctor with it in the bathtub. A tiny filing cabinet

Was reading Harriet Beecher Stowe's *One Potato Two Potato* to a blueberry in a room that contained no furniture other than a bathtub, a poplar, and a dogwood lamp.

Cowboys and Indians brought the shasta daisy to watermelon Eleanor Roosevelt. In the meantime a horse-chestnut tree had gotten into the bathtub with the typewriter.

"I saw Lily Muskmelon and Tag Football just now. They were on their way to Margaret Sanger's new place, The Baobab Tree," chorused the bathtub. "When I think that that chair

Once held Alice B. Toklas, I don't give a fig for what I catch from the live-oak tree or the cowslip!" Then the bathtub became silent as a desk.

The crabapple tree screamed. The carnation said, "I am a hundred years old!" The breadfruit fell onto the desk. In the post-office bathtub an Edith Sitwell fan

Muttered, "I want a bathtub." Forgetful of contract bridge, Alison Skipworth pulled up a chair to the yew tree and looked for *heliotrope* and *blood orange* in its filing cabinet.

The gentian finished chopping down the linden. The
kumquat typewriter was attacked by Grace Coolidge. She wrote, "When I play cops and robbers
I need a bathtub lamp!"

THE INFERNO

Garibaldi finished gulping the chocolate milk shake
and stuck his head in the oven,
Where he saw a fresco of Socrates drowning in a
bathtub of applejack;
Methuselah realized that beer and falling from step-
ladders are both caused by lovin';

A chandelier dripping with green wine hits George
Bernard Shaw on the back;
Black tea-junipers wave in the infirmary courtyard
where scalded Rameau
Hears a rum-soaked dove tell tales of Bernard Berenson
being felled by a steel hatrack.

Dr. Schweitzer hustled the lead-poisoned glass of
Cointreau
To Walter Savage Landor, who, gargling iced tea, had
just tripped over a baby.
The telephone rang. Charles Coburn rushed to answer
it, slipping in a slushy puddle of *fine à l'eau*

In which Robert Southey was already lying dead
of electric shock—or strawberry milkshake, may-
be.

“The Guy Kibbee artichokes have scalded me !”
shrieked Bridget. The Campari
Bottle broke in Wordsworth’s cocoa-colored gloves like
a clay bee.

Fuming in Stalin’s Royal Crown Cola bathtub a cut
hoisted Lynn Bari;
She smiled, and fell from the roof. Connie Mack,
drink the lemonade
Coleridge artichokes ! Hot lemonade fractured Jane
Withers, dreaming of Walter Chiari

Artichokes gassed by claret lemonade. T. S. Eliot
laughed at Joyce Kilmer’s serenade.
“Hist !” whispered Toscannini, though a black-widow
spider bit the artichoke Seven-Up
Which lay in the Confucius midget golf course. Foam-
ing rootbeer received the kitchen banana peel’s
accolade.

Santa Claus said: “No verveine is drunk without the
chimney falls on a bronze pup
Nor no ginger beer without a Rembrandt fells your
Dad.” Suddenly a shower of red thistles
Drinks the bathroom of a sigh. Wine Emerson tears
the roof up

Churchill bought to keep the orange-juice rain from
hardening his facebristles.

The dog bit the mailman as a chocolate syrup Gandhi.
Then the bathtub cracks Herbert Hoover's feet, and
the chocolate bath-water whistles,

And a fuse blows as Alben Barkley drinks artichoke
brandy.

Neptune, you found the incinerator stopped up with
cherry soda leavings—fair play !

A house falls down on Stonewall Jackson crying, "Keep
the persimmon juice handy !"

Doves flock on the pencil factory's walls. Bernard
Baruch, drinking pepsin juice, has swallowed an
eraser today !

Raymond Duncan called for a goblet of kirsch, seeing
that the chimney was on fire.

Henry Ford appeared to him, offering him watered
milk in a pink ashtray—then he breaks the tray !

The reindeer milk annoyed Goethe; the playroom
caved in on his halibut lyre.

GOTTLIEB'S RAINBOW

The red winter ball hit the Plato bonus bumper
Whose indigo bonus killed the spring Bertrand Russell
bumper.

The Aristotle bonus kept the autumn inside an orange
bumper awaiting the big rollover.

Autumn ("the bonus season") colored the Harry
Emerson Fosdick bumper yellow.

Then came winter with its violet flippers, shooing a
bonus Spinoza into a bumper,

Raising the gray Karl Marx bumper's bonus to equal
that of the summer rollover.

Socrates inspected the turquoise summer from atop
his bonus bumper.

That autumn there was a bumper crop of blue Emerson
bonuses,

While behind the emerald summer house Nietzsche was
chasing a rollover bonus

Which fell onto the rust-colored flippers. An aut-
umn Newton rustled among the bumpers, whose
bonus

Charged headlong into the cerise summer Benjamin
Franklin bonus bumpers

And became a Voltaire rollover pop bumper. The
pink winter bonus

Of twelve ivory colored bumpers who cheered for
Schopenhauer all through the bonus winter

Fell on the white Confucius spring bonus bumper.

But now purple winter cracks the Mencius bonus
flippers. Here is a rollover bumper
To pin the black Hume winter bonus to the
bumper.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Water flowed slowly over the bridge in Danbury
On New Year's Eve, while a Chicago of chocolate milk
Formed in Zurich. The root beer went floating by.
You could see the coke on the dazzling mountaintops
of Trieste.

Anna lay pinned to the roadbed by a milk truck
marked "Chillicothe"—

How recently she'd been dancing to the strains of
"Pittsburgh Lemonade" !

But time flows like wine. Once in New Orleans
A coffee-colored chap from Cincinnati
Had asked a pair of shoes the price of a beer-ticket
to Wyoming.

"You'll get no farther than Ohio," the shoes had
gulped, drinking soda water.

Anna remembered the old days in Damascus. How
cool the orange juice had tasted !

Meanwhile a Sacramento of tomato juice
Sprang up in New Zealand, as old men toasted each
other with grape juice.

"Here's to the New Year !" these old Austral-
ians shouted, as they drank their parsley soup.

Anna called to the V-8 juice, but it had already thundered by on its way to Laramie.

Inside the vats in Laramie the Pennsylvania Kid was spurting extract of egg-cream.

Dipping his pen in sherry, the judge wrote, "This is my first trip to Kansas,"

While the mosquitos squirted buttermilk over all the left-over Christmas toys in New York.

Anna thought of Italian peasants drinking Vermouth.

Mrs. Hudson pressed her pekinese, Brandy, close to her big raspberry-colored blouse.

Beads of raspberry juice formed on the walls of the Tacoma high school.

The principal called Mrs. Hudson on the telephone and gurgled through his lemon soda, "Take Brandy to Saratoga City before seven o'clock!"

I drink only gin when I am in Bermuda.

Alaska Jim spat out part of his licorice milkshake

On the city of Clermont-Ferrand, and two bottles of Scotch

Walked up to the police captain of Saint Paul, insisting, "Your hand is filled with champagne.

You drink only white wine marked 'Tulsa.' "

Meanwhile the milk truck was making Anna think of French rum.

Tiny wavelets of Fernet-Branca were tugging at her breast. The dress was ruined, she had bought it in Nigeria.

The Nigerian dress-merchant had been so kind ! He was from Tibet, and he had given her some cold apple juice to drink.

Later over a glass of akvavit in Johannesburg
The Pepsi-Cola stains she had bought in Tennessee
were applied to the Nigerian dress,

But, as luck would have it, papaya juice from New Hampshire

Came racing over on the Stockholm mailboat through
a canal of beef tea.

Cranberry juice appeared on the straw hat Anna had
once worn in Cleveland.

"Happy New Year, Anna !" whispered old Mr. Dutchman's Choice through his tangerine-juice-stained teeth, as he stood in the green grass near where Anna was pinned, closing his eyes.

"Happy New Year !" thundered back the Ethiopian pineapple juice.

"Happy New Year !" screamed the Mexican hat.

"Good luck !" whispered the chocolate pear-juice.

Once, Anna could have wished Ralph had drunk less whiskey and stayed away from the gambling dens of downtown Memphis.

Katherine of Aragon suddenly appeared on a checkerboard of grapefruit juice.

We drank the cognac in Florence. It was New Year's Day !

A SERVANT TO SERVANTS

With a wooden lead-filled writing implement Jeeves wrote, "What sudden showers",
And warm sunlight came flooding in the wood-framed glass aperture that Beulah had opened
For Alice B. Toklas. A mucus-filled bone construction in the middle of her face reacted angrily to the profusion of orange blossoms.
Françoise was fiercely agitating the rectangular piece of red white and blue cloth,
As Lothar placed ragweed in a hollowed-out glass container.
Some water fell on the round apple-filled pastry Mamie had made.
Mozart walked happily amid the falling veined dried-out many-colored tree components.
The turkey placed Emilia on the four-legged flat-surfaced piece of wooden furniture.
Charmian bit into it. A small hard calcareous white rooted pellet fell out of her mouth, which she immediately placed under the Christmas tree.
Opal began sweeping up the confetti with a bunch of straws attached to a long wooden handle.
Ganymede's valentine was shaped like a circle indented at one end and coming to a point at the other.
A gust of wind felled Aunt Jemima, and the blue-uniformed civil servant with a badge and pistol arrived.

The Conversions (II)

MR WAYL'S WILL

At six thirty that morning a visitor woke me up: Beatrice Fod. Pale with fatigue, she nevertheless harangued me vigorously for several minutes. She wanted the adze, first claiming it as rightly hers and then, such arguments failing, offering me increasingly large amounts of money for it. Her final price was close to a million dollars—I have forgotten the exact sum because my mind at that time was aswim with sleep and surprise.

She was on her way out when another caller appeared: her brother Isidore, showing signs of the same tempestuous weariness.

Negat jegu! he exclaimed.

Tsamp! she answered, shoving past him out the door. *Gego szegák engan egámpteggi egög segöl!*

Is Fod soon followed her, equally disappointed in his efforts to get the adze for himself.

In the afternoon papers I learned that Mr Wayl had died the previous night. Soon afterwards I received a special delivery letter from Mr Wayl's lawyers asking me to come to his house next morning to attend the reading of the dead man's will.

Although I arrived before the appointed time, a remarkable number of people had already gathered in the familiar drawingroom, where the reading was to take place. Among them I recognized Mayor Groncz. He was, I later learned, the only person invited to the session outside the Fods, Miss Dryrein, and myself. I also noticed such civic figures as the museum directors Herbert Guggenstein, with his brilliant assistant Peggy Reader, and James Sweebar Bingo; members of the musical world like Rudolph Sweenson Barjohn, Demuro Bangcraft, Reobard Mitrostone, Litri Toscopopolos, and Alice Dallas; painters once patronized by Mr Wayl, among them Rauschfart (the famous exponent of *l'arte brutta*), de Crook, Bazouille, Huffing, and Litotes; and numerous leaders in the world of municipal development—the chairman of the Parking Authority, Robert A. Zeckendorff, the real estate king William Aaron, the architects Mies Moses and Wallace K. Wonderower together with the entire partnership of the architectural firm of Scrayner, Ode and Mulligan. A chief of the local chapter of Boy Scouts was present in a uniform totally black for the occasion. There was also a small swarm of priests, ministers and rabbis of various qualities, as well as a few eager lawyers.

The consensus of this assembly was that Mr Wayl's fortune exceeded three hundred million dollars.

The Fods, accompanied by Miss Dryrein, at last took their seats (Beatrice shouting Vampires! Vam-

pires ! as she crossed the room). A pale attorney, flanked by bespectacled aides, read the will behind a massive table placed in front of the high windows that looked on the conservatory.

I, GRENT OUDE WAYL, of the City, County, and State of New York, do make, publish, and declare this to be my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any and all Wills and Codicils heretofore made by me.

FIRST: I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid by my executrix as soon as possible after my decease, provided that the following procedure be adhered to:

(1) That the organist of St James's Church, Madison Avenue at Seventy-first Street, Manhattan, choose a suitable musical composition to accompany the departure of my remains to their place of burial; that the score of this composition (notes, rests, clefs, key- and time-signatures, and all indications of speed, phrasing and dynamics) be reproduced at fifteen times its printed size in the form of pancakes; and that these cakes be obligatorily eaten by any and all such persons who attend the reading of this my Last Will and Testament, excepting those specifically invited thereto. (In the event of non-compliance with this provision, I have instructed my faithful servant Miss Gabrielle Dryrein, of 2980 Valentine Avenue, The Bronx, to give to the press all information kept in my files concerning liable parties.)

(2) That I be buried with my ninety-nine year custombuilt Fil Pathétique fob watch, this watch to be set at Greenwich time and placed in my left waistcoat pocket immediately prior to the funeral service.

(3) That my coffin be taken from St James's Church at eleven o'clock of the Monday morning following my death, on an open cart drawn by two grey donkeys, and that the itinerary of the procession be as follows: Madison Avenue from Seventy-first until Fifty-ninth Street; Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth until Fiftieth Street; Park Avenue from Fiftieth until Thirty-fourth Street; and thence to my residence where my remains are to be

buried. (In the event of non-compliance with this provision, the following article of this Will is automatically annulled.)

SECOND: I give and bequeath to Mr Lambeth Groncz, of Gracie House, Gracie Square, Manhattan, such land as I possess in the City of New York, notably a park of three acres adjoining my present residence, 475 East Thirty-fourth Street, Manhattan.

THIRD: I give and bequeath to my faithful servant Miss Gabrielle Dryrein, of 2980 Valentine Avenue, The Bronx:

(1) The sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$250,000.);

(2) The sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.) to be distributed at her discretion among those who are, or who have been, in her service;

(3) All of my personal effects, including clothing, jewelry, silver, furniture, furnishing, books, pictures and ornaments.

FOURTH: All the rest, residue and remainder of my property, real, personal and mixed, wheresoever situate, including property of any description of which I may die seized or possessed, of which I may have power to dispose, over which I may have power of appointment, and in and to which I may be in any manner interested or entitled, I give, devise and bequeath to such a person as has in his possession a golden adze hereunder described and who is able to provide a satisfactory explanation of its meaning, purport, uses and significance, now and at all times, the said explanation to be verified by my executrix or by such executors as she may appoint according to the answers given by any qualifying person to the following three questions:

(1) When was a stone not a king?

(2) What was *La Messe de Sire Fadevant*?

(3) Who shaved the Old Man's Beard?

The description of the adze followed. Read with rising voice by the shamefaced lawyer, it was quickly drowned in a clamor of shock and disappointment.

Mr Wayl was never buried at all. His instructions were faithfully carried out, even to the eating of the transcribed music. The organist at St James's, who

had planned a twentynine minute *Tragic Rhapsody* of Widor, was warned of the consequences and changed to a unison version of *O God Our Help in Ages Past*; so that the forced feeders had only twentyeight notes to swallow between them, and—the hymn being all in wholenotes and halfnotes—hollow ones at that.

The procession following the funeral service caused the worst trafficjam in New York's history, and Mayor Groncz might have been impeached for having allowed such a situation to arise, if he had not announced his intention of giving the land he had inherited to the city. The drawn cart had completed about three quarters of the itinerary when, at the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, in the midst of a throng of the idle, the curious and the infuriated, the coffin exploded. Little harm was done to bystanders by the explosion itself, since the coffin was made of welded steel; but the panic resulting from the noise and the strange rain of white petals that fell across the crowded intersection led to one death and many injuries. Investigators concluded, after consulting the powdery contents of the coffin, that Mr Wayl's watch had triggered the tragic detonation.

A VISIT TO THE FODS

When was a stone not a king? What was *La Messe de Sire Fadevant*? Who shaved the Old Man's Beard?

—When was a stone ever a king? Who was Sire Fadevant? What old man? To approach the questions on which my inheritance depended, others had to be answered first. I tackled the problem at once.

Besides study and research at official sources for information about the so-called adze, I thought it well to visit all of Mr Wayl's surviving relatives. Even if they refused to cooperate with me, I might indirectly glean clues for my search.

These relatives were, besides the Fods: Allen Cavallo in New York; Xavier Purkinje in Paris; and the Voe-Doge brothers, Gore and Eftas, in London.

I first went to the Fods. Each received me with surprising friendliness. My impression was that after a short spell of appetency they had lapsed into wearied resignation.

Beatrice's and Isidore's histories were curious. Both had been involved in notorious medical scandals, following which Mr Wayl had taken them under his wing. They lived in one of his properties, a thin fourstorey house on West Fifty-fifth Street that had been divided into two apartments.

At the age of thirty Beatrice, a budding professor of gynecology at Johns Hopkins, had hit on an unprecedented solution to the problem of birth control. She had discovered (and, with the help of four thousand volunteer college and high school students of every class, race and region in the country, tested) a position for sexual intercourse in which conception

was impossible. Her position, furthermore, provided maximum satisfaction for both partners in the sexual act, incidentally lowering the average age at which vaginal orgasm was first experienced (by girls) from twentytwo to sixteen and a half years.

The consequences of Beatrice's discovery seemed potentially historic; but no sooner had she published the first results of her long labor than she was attacked on several sides by forces too strong for her to meet. Several drug firms had at that time invested seven-figure sums in developing an oral contraceptive. Seconded by the Federal Government, which planned to use the monopoly of the new chemical as a diplomatic weapon (with the Catholic powers of Europe as well as the populous Afro-Asian states), these firms undertook to stifle Beatrice's good work. They contributed vast amounts of money to every conceivable religious denomination, abroad as well as at home, thereby achieving an intersectorian harmony unique in history. The propaganda was so clamorous that the few organizations favoring Beatrice's cause were obliged to abandon her to save themselves.

Meanwhile the government managed to have a law enacted making punishable by life imprisonment at hard labor anyone who published a book or pamphlet without depositing at the Library of Congress the three copies necessary to obtain copyright. Beatrice had neglected to do this. She had published her findings privately and inconspicuously, in the hope that by

so acting (and also by omitting a description of the coital position she had invented) her discovery would gain an easier entrance into the realm of public information; for she had foreseen an adverse reaction. Instead, all copies of her pamphlet save the first few she had sent out were confiscated by the police, while she herself became guilty of a severely punishable crime. A bargain had been proposed to her: if she kept silence in the future, she would not be prosecuted. Exhausted and frightened, she accepted, and now lived under the eyes of federal agents who investigated her most trivial relations. For a while she had hoped that the students who had tested her theory would give it to the world, and indeed some of them tried. (A debased version of her discovery—the so-called Lombard Rhythm—had a certain brief success.) But so many positions had been used to make the experiment statistically exact that nobody was sure which was the true one, and a great confusion resulted, bringing much disappointment and, finally, the loss of her secret.

Isidore Fod's misfortune had come about at much the same time as his sister's, but in a way quite different. He had been working for the Bengali government on a sanitation project when an epidemic of trachitic plague broke out in a remote mountain plateau of the province. Neither remedy nor vaccine for this disease existed; and even if they had, the difficulty of delivering them rapidly to the infested

region seemed insuperable—besides its remoteness, its topography rendered it inaccessible to truck or plane.

Isidore Fod solved the double problem with an ingenuity that approached genius. After growing a culture of the plague bacteria, he discovered an effective although partial antidote to their virulence in the venom of the local *ischnogaster* wasp: the wasp poison scotched the bacteria without completely killing them. In a few days Isidore performed a rapid series of tests that showed that a person injected with a mixture of germ culture and wasp poison became, at least temporarily, immune to the plague without suffering any ill effects. Because of the emergency, the state government immediately authorized Isidore to proceed, without further testing, in making vaccinations with his new serum.

To lessen the difficulty of delivering the vaccine, Isidore set up a station at English Bazar, the city nearest the stricken area. There he had a six-foot-square shallow cement pool made, and planted it with five thousand golftees obtained from the city golf club (a fortunate survivor of India's independance). The tees were fixed so that their cups were at a uniform height of five eighths of an inch from the bottom of the pool. The tee cups were then filled with a thick solution of sugar, the pool with a half inch of bacteria culture, and the whole was enclosed with screens provided with two opposing apertures. Every available truck and car had meanwhile been commandeered to

scour the countryside for *ischnogaster* nests (gargoylelike masses familiar to any traveller who has crossed the Bengal plains). Tens of thousands were brought to Isidore's station, where their occupants were dropped in batches onto the prepared enclosed pool. The great majority of wasps at once descended to the sweetbaited golftees. As each one sucked up his portion of syrup, the stinging tip of his curved tail dipped into the bacteria culture that mounted almost to the edge of the golftee top. When sated, the wasp would soon proceed through the prepared exit into a portable screen cage, whither the swarming sound of his trapped fellows drew him. The pool was periodically emptied and replenished, while the cages of vaccinebearing wasps were taken to the airport to be loaded on ready planes. As soon as each plane had its consignment, it took off for the plague area where, flying low over the inhabited points, it freed its enraged cargo. The effect of this operation was later described in a tribute that the poet Hānsām Dās wrote for Isidore Fod:

The jackal cries, the *kokil* sings in leafy wonder
And behind the wattles babes peer at the sky.
Ah, swarm of gold, searing pain,
Blessing of the worn-out year!
Come, I am but a *champa* flower that longs for the hornet's kiss.

An estimated two million wasps were loosed on an area of four hundred and fifty square miles inhabited by eighty thousand people. Some sixty thousand were stung, and of these only thirtyfive died of the

plague. Over two thousand had died prior to the period of vaccination, while several hundred of those not stung subsequently perished of the disease, which was several weeks waning. Isidore's assumption that the wasps' stings would effect a safe but potent mixture of culture and poison at the moment they pierced the skin turned out to be right, as had all his other guesses.

For the next eight months Isidore was a worldwide hero. He chose, modestly, to stay in Bengal until the work for which he had been originally hired was completed. This decision nearly cost him his life. The next summer the plague returned to the same mountain region with new fury, and this time Isidore's airlift was of no use. Setting out with his assistants to investigate the plague area, he reached it after a fortnight's travel on muleback. He soon made two significant discoveries: one, that his vaccine had only a shortlived effectiveness; the other, that the wasps he had dropped the year before had become breeders of the plague. A mutation in the bacteria had produced a strain that not only remained unaffected by wasp poison but flourished in the bodies of the wasps. Left behind where the wasps fed, these bacteria now had every local insect for a carrier. The recrudescence of the plague spared hardly a household in all the region.

Before the cold weather finally ended the epidemic, it had killed thirty thousand. With admirable honesty Isidore informed the Bengali government and the press of his findings, and thus fell overnight into such local

and international disgrace that he gave up his professional work altogether, finally coming to New York to live on Mr Wayl's bounty and his own regrets.

Questioned, Beatrice Fod appeared even more ignorant concerning the adze than I. There was evidently little chance that either she or her brother would ever have the time to learn any more about it, in case they decided to go after the enigmatic inheritance themselves. In return for supporting them, Mr Wayl had made them each accept a trying obligation, that of observing and noting everything that the other did. The ordeals they had passed through had left them, understandably, more than a little suspicious, and their suspiciousness had only grown with exercise, so that now—despite Mr Wayl's death—their mutual spying was a terrific obsession.

Thus Beatrice Fod, while answering me with brief courtesies, refused to discuss anything at length but a mysterious flatiron that Isidore kept on his mantle-piece. Why did he have it? Did he ever use it? If he did use it, what did he use it for? Possible answers to these ridiculous questions filled my ears for over an hour, while I gazed stupidly about the livingroom, studded—like the entire apartment—with grotesque pointed furniture. (Not a chair, shelf or sofa whose corners did not extrude in exaggerated tapering acuteness, causing in the beholder an irremediable awareness of impending pain. Beatrice did explain that she had taken up singing as a recent

hobby and that such furnishing set off her voice better than any other.)

I had even less success with Isidore, for he refused to speak at all and sat with his forefinger at his lips in a listening posture, as if waiting for revelatory noises from his sister's apartment. I saw the flatiron on his mantelpiece but never learned its significance, or even if it had any.

OTHER PRISONERS

Allen Cavallo, whom I visited next, was the grandson of Mr Wayl's second stepfather, not a blood relation; he was therefore without expectations as to the inheritance and I had little hope that he would give me any useful information, since Mr Wayl had hardly known him. My hopes were further limited by knowing that "Al" Cavallo was a notorious gang boss. Only Mayor Groncz's intervention enabled me to visit him in the Astoria Agrarians' Hospital, where he was kept in a private and indeed secret room of the psychiatric department.

Shortly before, Cavallo had disappeared mysteriously from public view—all that one knew was that he was under arrest. At the hospital I found out what had happened.

The gangster had learned the previous year of a newly discovered cactus that grew in the foothills of the Hoggar. Its spines were powerfully narcotic, discouraging the animals of that desolate land from

eating the juicy flesh of the plant. As the toxic properties of these spines made them similar in their effect to morphine, it was at first hoped that they could be used medically; but the difficulties of extracting the active chemical proved excessive. Cavallo had a sample of the plant sent to him; and testing the spines on a number of his morphine customers, he had found that they satisfied the cravings of the most addicted. He had also discovered an unguessed advantage to the spines: carried as toothpicks, they freed their possessor from the risk of arrest and the need of concealment. An addict wanting his stuff could publicly clean his teeth with a spine, unobtrusively picking his gums until happy.

The spines soon gained the nickname of "Hoggarmothers".

Cavallo ordered a large quantity of the cactus and set up a plant import business as a front. The first shipment was unloaded one summer night at a Brooklyn wharf under Cavallo's personal supervision. Checking a loaded truck before it drove off, he had the tragic misfortune to fall—or, some say, be pushed—among the four-foot-deep green bulbs. Lightly dressed in that season, every part of his body was soon pierced by the drugladen thorns. Before he could be retrieved, he had been hopelessly stricken by a massive injection of narcotic sap.

Under constant medical care since that night, at first among his colleagues, later, arrested, at the

hospital where I saw him, Cavallo was an inhuman and pitiful sight. He was insane, and in unremitting pain as well. The narcotic, absorbed in a quantity that could never be eliminated, caused his skin to shrink perpetually. Hardly a day passed without an incision being needed in some part of his body to keep it from being squeezed dry by this terrible pressure. The incisions left him covered with long halfhealed wounds inadequately fitted with grafts from volunteers or with plastic skin. Between his shrieks and raving laughs he sometimes used to cry out. By these stripes we are healed ! These were the only words he spoke. He died a few weeks after my visit to him.

About this time the efforts I had made to find information concerning the adze yielded their first result. A letter from the Customs Bureau informed me that they had located the records of its arrival in America. The shipment had been made from Alloa, in Scotland, by a New York export-import company that had long been out of business, so that it would be impossible to find out the actual persons who had sent and received it.

But even this meagre information seemed a wind-fall to me, and I decided to go on to Scotland and see if there I could not trace the adze back to its origins. At the same time the trip would give me a chance to visit Mr Wayl's remaining relatives.

In Paris a few weeks later, I made arrangements to call on M. Purkinje, a distant cousin of Mr Wayl's

on his mother's side. He, too, was in the hands of the police, as he had been ever since the failure of the Panarchist Uprising of 1911. Together with his fellow agitators, Martinotti and Rackham the Red, he had passed most of his life in the political wing of Les Innocents, France's largest prison. Its director, M. Molini-Stucky, who had promptly granted my request for a visit, related while leading me to Purkinje's quarters the events that had brought him there.

The Panarchist revolt, he began, was one of the cleverest attempts at generalized subversion that our country (rich in similar exploits) has ever known. Imagination and efficacy characterized its choice of political doctrine, while its technique of psychological preparation and its tactics for making the uprising a success were no less ingenious.

The Panarchist doctrine was known as *éclairagisme*. Designed to appeal to the universal predilection for oversimplified and seemingly practical ideas, it reduced all social ills to one—darkness, and it advocated one cure, summed up in the slogan *Tout l'Espace Eclairé!* According to this theory the amount of light available to a person in all the phases of his daily life determined his moral, psychic and intellectual wellbeing. It was accordingly the obligation of the state to insure first of all that each individual have the same amount of light as every other, and secondly that this amount be as great as possible. The Panarchists claimed that the discovery of electric light—which you should

remember was fairly recent and so made the theory especially attractive—permitted both these obligations to be easily realized. They consequently advocated that a light quota be established on a space-person basis; that all those persons required to live or work in an insufficiently lighted space be given larger windows and increased electrical lighting; and that those persons whose illumination exceeded the quota have their window surface reduced and their lighting fixtures confiscated accordingly.

But the Panarchists' program, reiterated in their daily paper *Le Soleil de Paris*, soon left theoretical *éclairagisme* to the debates of pundits and focused on livelier issues such as the abolition of the *minuterie* or the construction of giant mirrors to introduce sunlight and moonlight to the narrower streets. And in a few years, by dint of exploiting this rudimentary idea, the Panarchist Party (PP) gained a respectable following.

The party's aim had been revolutionary from the start, although this was not openly acknowledged until the inability of successive governments to provide the lighting reforms demanded had been demonstrated to the masses. When they felt that a fit moment for action had come, the Panarchist leaders began their scheduled "psychological preparatory movement", based on the principal of *psychomimie*. Their idea was to accustom the populace to revolutionary gestures so that it would be conditioned to perform, or at least tolerate, such gestures when the crisis occurred. For

this reason, during the month preceding the date chosen for the revolution, Parisians were offered a number of unusual spectacles. Buildings made of paper were set up on sidewalks and ignited by men whose smiles seemed a plea for the joys of arson. Other men and women, wearing like smiles, made piles of bricks and stones resembling little barricades. Fairstands were opened in all the working quarters of the city where one could, free of charge, shoot or throw hard balls at dummies of policemen and soldiers. These efforts at persuasion were naturally kept within careful bounds, to avoid official sanction; they were nonetheless everywhere to be seen.

It is hard to say how effective *psychomimie* was in its application, for the Panarchist leaders were all under arrest before they had time to exploit its effect. But that effect, if we are to judge by the climax of the campaign, was probably all they hoped for.

It so happened that the national hockey championships were to be played in Paris on the evening picked for the Panarchist outbreak. A huge crowd was to attend the game; so were several notables, among them the ministers of culture and agriculture. The Panarchists, finding they could enlist both teams for their plan, decided to make the *Palais Esquimau* the startingpoint of the mass rioting on which they counted. When the second period of the game began, revolutionaries replaced the official referees and, after haranguing the startled but far from hostile crowd,

ordered the players to proceed as planned. The two government ministers, who had been prevented from leaving, were brought onto the ice and trussed up, their knees against their chests, their feet against their buttocks. The hockey players thereupon began a mock game with these human bundles as pucks; they pushed and passed them around the rink with the large scrapers used to clear off the ice. After their miserable excellencies had been with much jocularly scuttled into the goalnets, Martinotti, the Panarchist in charge, made a rousing speech to the spectators, pouring contempt on the government whose representatives had been so thoroughly humiliated. The crowd, responding enthusiastically, swarmed out of doors intending to do all the mischief it could; but the police (who by now were on the offensive) were waiting for it, and it soon was dispersed.

The failure of the revolution was really a matter of luck. The main objective of the plotters was a series of "temporary assassinations" that were to destroy the leadership of the police and of the army divisions stationed in or near the capital. Here again the Panarchists showed singular flair. As you may know, Paris then had two telephone systems, one that of a private company, the other that of the Postal Service. The latter was gradually replacing the former; but at that particular time the transition was not completed and both systems existed side by side. The revolutionaries' plan, carried out successfully in the majority

of cases, was to call their victims on both phones simultaneously—I should perhaps mention that the phones were invariably next to one another, since the Postal Service had taken advantage of the private company's wiring scheme to instal its own. Then, through a clever use of conversation—worked out experimentally with great thoroughness prior to use—the person answering was induced to hold both phones to his ears at the same time. At this foreseen moment, explosive noises of several hundred decibels were sent over the two wires to produce in the unsuspecting hearer a striking manifestation of the so-called Allanic-Culajod Effect. This left him senseless for a few hours.

As I've already said, this clever procedure succeeded in most cases. But, unfortunately for the Panarchists, the prefect of police, their main target, was completely missed. He had planned to spend the evening of the would-be coup doing research on Louise Labé, on whom he was an authority; and he ignored his butler's announcement that he was urgently demanded on both phones. Shortly afterwards an alert aide informed him in person of the Panarchists' doings, and the prefect was then able, despite the decimation of the upper ranks of the police, to create a provisional hierarchy that soon had its forces mobilized. Before the night was over it was the Panarchist leadership that was inoperative, with two hundred of its members in jail. As you know, some of them aren't out yet. You will now see what they have become, these men

who were, you must agree, exemplars of shrewdness and daring.

We had stopped in front of a door whose metal weight did not prevent our hearing, from its far side, a noise like the sighing of profound flutes. A guard unlocked the door, and we passed through. We entered a pleasant suite of cells, whose windows held, instead of bars, boxes of geraniums that sparkled in the morning sun; whose floors were thickly rugged; and whose *art nouveau* furnishings were elegant and luxurious. Three men reclined in capacious armchairs around a pale table on which had been set three glasses and a bottle of plain red wine. The men sat motionless, only sipping their wine from time to time. They uttered perpetual dovelike sounds. I recognized Purkinje, whose high cheekbones still retained a certain nobility in his face's damp fleshiness.

M. Molini-Stucky addressed Purkinje, shaking him by the shoulders. He succeeded in making him look once at me; but not for a moment did his sighing falter, and the revolutionary's eyes soon wandered back to the sunlight that was filling the street below. Spreading his hands in hopelessness, the director led the way out; and I was obliged, emptyhanded again, to leave Mr Wayl's cousin and his comrades droning to themselves at their cheerful window that overlooked the Rue Affres de Guillaume.

I left for England next morning and a few days later paid a visit to the Voe-Doge brothers at their

apartment in Chelsea. Shown into their drawingroom at the fixed hour, I found them engaged in furious argument.

Lop oh oh kop, Eftas was saying, yoppo you boploppo oh dopyop foppo ohlop, ee voppeenop top hoppo you gop hop mopyop boppeye roptop hop moppay yop hoppay voppee poproppee coppee doppeedop yoppo you ropsop bopyop oh noplopyop foppo roptopyoppo noppee soppee coppo n opdop sop, top hoppay top eyesop sopyou fopfop eye coppeye eenoptop toppo Aesop top aybop loppeye sop hop moppee aysop ee lopdoppee rop boproppo top hoppeerop, aynopdop roppeye gop hoptop fopyou loppay ay rop lop.

Naraguts tarago yaragou, baragag-haraguead, answered Gore: twaraguins aragare twaraguins aragand narageitharager haragas praraguiaragoraraguitaraguy. Faragurtharagermaragore araguit's caragommaragon knaragowlaraguedge tharagat yaragou paragayed Faragatharager Daraguldaragoon, wharago daraguelaraguivaraguered paragoor Maragummy, tharaguë praraguice aragof faraguive haragundraraguëd plaraguenaragoraraguy araguindaragulgearaguencearaguës tarago saragupparagort yaragour claragaim aragof baraguëaraguig faraguirst baragorn. — Crapper, a glass of port for our guest.

Roppo toptop eenop coproppay popyoulop oh you sop you nobop roppo top hoppee roplopyop loppeye Aesop!

Narago ! aragand wharagat's maragore, Gore added, aragaccaragordaraguig tarago yaragou - knargow -

wharago tharaguere araguis narago daragoubt tharagat
Aragui sharagould haragave baragueen maragade
araguearl aragof Maragar, aragand tharagat araguin
faragact Aragui *aragam* tharaguë araguearl.

Eyemop top hoppee araguearl aragof Maragar !

Aragui'm tharaguë ee ayroplop oh fop Moppayrop !

After three glasses of this jargon I took my leave. I did so with singular regret. A painting, signed only with the initials F. N., hung over the drawingroom fireplace; its composition was identical with the third scene of the adze—the supposed sanctification of the saint by Jesus. To my surprise, the brass plate on the bottom of its frame read: *The Crowning of the King*. The maid who accompanied me to the door assured me that no matter how long I might wait, the brothers would never condescend to speak of the picture—the only subject they ever discussed was that of their present argument.

I learned some time later that Gore was the celebrated "Tock" Voe-Doge, who used to fly his Spitfire during the Battle of Britain wearing the clothes he thought proper for the time of day. He once destroyed six German planes between ten and eleven in the morning dressed in scarlet shantung pajamas, sealskin slippers, and a skyblue cashmere dressinggown with silver piping.

A Note on This Issue

The act of collaborating on a literary work is inspiring, I think, because it gives objective form to a usually concealed subjective phenomenon and therefore it jars the mind into strange new positions. It is this newness which has most interested poets who have written together in the 20th century. The strangeness of the collaborating situation, many have felt, might lead them to the unknown, or at the least to some dazzling insights at which they could never have arrived consciously or alone. The surrealists were the first avowed practitioners of literary collaboration for this specific purpose, though I think that poets of all times who have written together have done so partly in the hope of being inspired by the strange situation. In ancient China (v. "A Garland of Roses") writing a poem together was a polite, civilized activity, but it was not taken very seriously. In Japan, on the other hand, linked-verse was a major form of the poetry for centuries; Japanese poets wrote together as naturally as Shelley wrote alone. This linked-verse, so highly serious in intention, was composed in an atmosphere of

mutuel esteem and emulation. The Troubadors⁷ wrote (really "sang") at each other sometimes because of out-and-out hostility, sometimes because of a mere friendly desire to show off; their *tenso*s were contests, like the singing matches in the Eclogues, but they are stanza-for-stanza rather than song for song (the challenger would chose the topic of the *tenso*, but the challenged poet could choose the side of the argument he wanted, and he also got to sing *first*, thereby establishing the rhyme scheme that the challenger had to adhere to in his replies—the spirit of the whole thing is roughly "I'm a better poet than you are. If you don't believe it, let's have a trial in XZ Castle"). Collaboration was very common in English Renaissance drama; there its aim was chiefly practical—to get the play finished faster Beaumont would write certain scenes and Fletcher would write the others. Among English Renaissance playwrights there seems to have been no interest in collaboration for its own sake (for the poetry it might produce). One can easily imagine that the idea of collaboration would appeal to the baroque sensibilities of the 17th-century poets, and the Donne-Goodyere "Letter" is almost a perfect example of what one imagines the Metaphysicals would do in such a situation (i.e. make the situation itself of collaborating on the poem the dominating conceit). However, it's the only pure example I know of collaboration by Metaphysical poets. The Cowley/Crashaw and Waller/Suckling collaborations are really stanza-

for-stanza answers by one poet to a poem already written by the other. These poems show a great interest in *reasoning*, in twisting thoughts around, in posing and resolving paradoxes. They seem to have been written not in the hope of producing anything beautiful or unusual, but in order to give their authors some enjoyable intellectual exercise. The English Romantic poets collaborated, not because they wanted to twist each other's thoughts, but because they felt that they were writing out of a "community of feeling"—they "understood" each other, they had common aims and ideals. There was no question of alternating stanzas or complicated schemes; they tried to write, in other words, "as one". Actually the ancient Chinese had done this too, though for formal and not for sentimental reasons. Romantic collaborations actually didn't work out very well (partly, I would guess, because of the tendency of collaborations to turn into mush when the collaborators are too devoted to each other and to poesy and when they impose no formal restrictions on how they are to proceed). The proposed collaborations of Coleridge and Wordsworth, for instance, had to be dismally laid to rest.

Many poems written in collaboration have been composed according to fairly well-defined schemes, both as regards which poet writes what line and what sort of thing he has to say in that line. The rules of Japanese linked-verse are probably the most com-

plicated and beautiful (I mean the most like a poem itself): just for example, the word "moon" had to occur at least 4 times in every hundred verse series, and only in specific locations; there had to be a "flower verse" not later than the 21st verse; and every series was supposed to include at least 2 verses concerned with love, but not more than 5. Even these few requirements may suggest how the form itself encouraged a certain spaciousness and universality. (More about the linked-verse form will be found in the Notes at the end of this issue.) Some contemporary collaborations have had rules of composition almost as elaborate, though these rules have been voluntarily chosen by the poets themselves and were not, like the linked-verse rules, an established literary convention ("Crone Rhapsody", for example, was written according to the following requirements: that every line contain the name of a flower, a tree, a fruit, a game, and a famous old lady, as well as the word *bathtub*; furthermore, the poem is a sestina and all the end-words are pieces of office furniture). In other poems there have been no requirements beyond adhering to a certain rhyme-scheme, stanza-pattern, or narrative line.

Most of the works here included were written with the two or more poets actually together while they wrote, though some were composed by poets working with already existing texts (adding to them, like Fletcher; answering them, like Crashaw; cutting them

up and rearranging their words, like Burroughs and Corso; drawing on them at regular intervals—i.e. using them as if they were other poets in the room—like Krakauer and Miss Krauss), and others by poets working with already existing languages (Chatterton's "Rowley" poems and Frank O'Hara's "Choses passagères").

Individual Notes on Works and Authors

To a Waterfowl: Composed by John Ashbery.

A Garland of Roses: Po Chü-i (772-846), one of China's greatest poets, is the subject of a biography by Arthur Waley. Liu Yü-hsi was a life-long friend of Po's, and a poet of considerable distinction. P'ei Tu (765-839) was an eminent statesman, at one time the most influential figure of the day. Chang Chi (c. 765-830) was one of the writers who most influenced Po's early poetry. Hsing Shih (the name is probably not given in full) has not been discovered. (*Note by Donald Keene*)

Poem about Saisho: Collaborations like this one formed a regular part of palace social life in 10th-century Japan. Sei Shonagon describes the composition of this poem as follows: "Two days afterward Saisho was talking about our excursion, and mentioned the fern-shoots that Akinobu had 'plucked with his own hand.' The Empress was amused that Saisho seemed to have retained a much clearer memory of the refreshments than of anything else that happened during the expedition, and picking up a stray piece of paper she wrote: 'The memory of a salad lingers in her head,' and bade me write a beginning for the poem. I wrote: 'More than the cuckoo's song that she went out to hear.'" (*The Pillow-Book of Sei-Shonagon*, translated by Arthur Waley, Grove, 1960.) Copyright © 1960 by Grove Press; reprinted with the permission of George Allen & Unwin Ltd. and Arthur Waley.

The Kite's Feathers: This translation first appeared in *Haikai and Haiku*, published by The Nippon Gkujutsu Shinkokai, Tokyo, 1958. No individual translator is listed for this poem, though it was no doubt translated by some of the 22 members

of the Japanese Classics Translation Committee, whose names are listed at the beginning of the book; the Chairman of the Committee is Sanki Ichikawa.

Basho is one of Japan's greatest poets; Kyorai and Boncho, a Kyoto physician, were two of his best-known disciples; Fumikuni, also a physician, was at the time in the service of an ex-emperor. "The Kite's Feathers" was one of the poems included in *Sarumino (Monkey's Straw Raincoat)*, published in 1691, a book regarded as the highest poetical achievement of the Basho school. The stanzas composed by Basho are 2, 5, 10, 13, 17, 22, 25, 30 and 33.

"November—": The first 3 lines are by Basho's disciple, Kakei; the last 2 are by the Master. This poem and the following one can be found in Donald Keene's *Japanese Literature, an Introduction for Western Readers* (Grove Press). Copyright © 1955 by Grove Press.

Three Poets at Minase: "In the first moon of 1488 three of the greatest masters of linked-verse, Sogi (1421-1502), Shohaku (1443-1527), and Socho (1448-1532) met at Minase, a village between Kyoto and Osaka. As part of an observance at the shrine, which stood on the site of the Minase Palace of the Emperor Gotoba, they composed one hundred verses, of which fifty are here translated.

"The art of linked-verse was an extremely demanding one. Generally three or more poets took part, composing alternate verses of 7, 5, 7 syllables and 7, 7 syllables. Many rules had to be observed exactly: for example, if spring or autumn were mentioned in one verse, the following two to four verses also had to mention it. However, it was not necessary that the actual words "spring" or "autumn" be used; many natural phenomena, such as mist, blossoms, or singing birds, stood for spring, while others, such as fog, the moon, or chirping crickets, stood for autumn.

"Beyond the technical difficulties imposed by the rules of linked-verse, was the major consideration of keeping the level so high that it would not run the risk of resembling a mere game,

and the problem of making each "link" fit smoothly into the chain. Any three links taken from a sequence should produce two complete poems. Thus:

Except for you
Whom could I ever love,
Never surfeiting ?

Nothing remotely suggests
The charms of her appearance.

Even plants and trees
Share in the bitter grief of
The ancient capital.

Except for you
Whom could I ever love
Never surfeiting ?
Nothing remotely suggests
The charms of her appearance.

Nothing remotely suggests
The charms of its appearance.
Even plants and trees
Share in the bitter grief of
The ancient capital.

"Here we have two poems of entirely different meaning linked together: the first concerns a lover's delight in his mistress, the second the grief of the poet over the destruction of the capital. This kind of multiple stream of consciousness is a uniquely Japanese literary development, and was fostered in part by the ambiguity of the Japanese language, which permits many varieties of word play and is extremely free in the use of pronouns." (Donald Keene, *Japanese Literature: an Anthology*, Grove Press; the present translation of the poem also first appeared in this volume.) Keene writes elsewhere of this poem as follows:

It is a poem unlike any ever written in the West, as far as I know, in that its only unity is from one verse to the next. Each verse is linked to the one before and the one after, but whereas, for example, the first verse tells us it is evening, the fourth verse is about the early morning; again, in the sixth verse we are told autumn is drawing to a close, although the first three verses have all indicated the season as spring. To give a parallel in the graphic arts, one may compare the linked-verse with the Japanese horizontal scroll (*emakimono*). As we unroll one of the scrolls with our left hand we simultaneously roll up a correspondingly long section with our right hand. No matter which segment

of the scroll we see at one time, it makes a beautiful composition, although when we examine it as a whole it possesses no more unity than a river landscape seen from a moving boat. Linked-verse at its best produces a somewhat similar effect.

(*Japanese Literature, an Introduction for Western Readers*)

Copyright © 1955 by Grove Press.

Tenso, “*Emperador avem...*”: The obvious incompleteness of this *tenso* suggests that Vidal himself cut it short, refusing to participate in such vicious contest in open court.

Line 1: Vidal was under the illusion that on one of the Crusades he had married the daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople on Cyprus.

Line 10, *Res non es meins, mas que peiras non lansa*: Obvious pun on both their names. (Note by P.B.)

Coblas, “*Peire Salvatg’ en greu pessar*”: Political propaganda by the French and the Aragonese—statements, answers, warnings, threats and so on. A rare example of collaboration among enemy poets.

Song, “*Take, oh, take...*”: It is generally conceded that Shakespeare wrote the first stanza, but some scholars are not sure who wrote the second. E. K. Chambers and J. Zito agree that it was most likely Fletcher. There is no evidence that the 2 playwrights were together when the poem was written.

A Letter written by Sir Henry Goodyere and John Donne: James Zito writes of this poem that it is “interesting... for two reasons: [because] the collaboration itself becomes the controlling conceit... [and because of the] sharp distinction it draws between a poet and a poetaster: the conventions of Goodyere contrast vividly with Donne’s ‘one old sun’, ‘our magic’, and his great joke at the end which destroys with a quip the whole poem’s purpose and masks this as hyperbole.”

On Hope and In Answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses: Crashaw and Waller wrote their parts as "answers" to already existing poems.

Onn Oure Ladies Chyrche: In this and the following poem modern s's have been substituted for Chatterton's *f*-like ones.

Two Passages from "Joan of Arc": In the first passage, the first two lines are Southey's, the rest by Coleridge; in the second, Coleridge is the author of the middle five lines, Southey of the first two lines and the last two.

The selections are from the first edition of *Joan of Arc* (1796). After that, Southey took over the poem as his own and eliminated a good deal of Coleridge's work.

Public Garden: The Futurists not only wrote some of their plays together, but they also tried to get the audience to collaborate in the action. In order to assure such collaboration they would, for example, cover the theatre seats with glue and sell tickets in such a way that people with violently opposed political beliefs would sit next to each other; they also invited audience participation by the use of sneezing powder and sirens. Marinetti and Cangiullo here include an account of audience participation in two cities.

From "The Immaculate Conception": Copyright © 1961 by Pierre Seghers.

Question and Answer Game: The method here is that each conversationalist pursues his own train of thought; the relevance of any answer to any question is accidental. This "conversation" took place in 1934.

Cadavres Exquis: These one-line works were composed five at a time by five persons sitting around a table. Each poet began by writing a noun on a sheet of paper, which, after folding it so that the noun was invisible, he would pass to the poet on his left. In similar fashion an adjective (or adjectival phrase), a verb, another noun, and another adjective or adjectival phrase

were added. At the end, the sheets of paper were unfolded and the results read aloud after being made grammatically consistent. The game got its name from the first work produced in this fashion (the first one given here). Paul Eluard relates how exciting he found this method of composition in *Donner à voir* (Gallimard, 1939).

Two Poems (by Char and Eluard): Copyright © 1960 by Jean Hugue.

Boult to Marina and Sybilline: From *The Darkening Ecliptic*, a collection purporting to be the complete works of Ern Malley, but actually written as a hoax by 2 Sydney (Australia) poets, James McAuley and H. S. Stewart. McAuley and Stewart sent Ern Malley's works to Max Harris of *Angry Penguins* who was so taken with them that he declared Malley one of Australia's greatest poets and forthwith published his entire *œuvre* (in 1944). Though Harris was wrong about who Ern Malley "was" (if one can use that word here), I find it hard not to agree with his judgment of Malley's poetry. The following "confession" by McAuley and Stewart may help to explain some of the profundity and charm of Malley's poetry:

We produced the whole of Ern Malley's tragic life-work in one afternoon, with the aid of a chance collection of books which happened to be on our desk: the Concise Oxford Dictionary, a Collected Shakespeare, Dictionary of Quotations, etc.

We opened books at random choosing a word or phrase haphazardly. We made lists of these and wove them into nonsensical sentences.

We misquoted and made false allusions. We deliberately perpetrated bad verse, and selected awkward rhymes from a Ripman's Rhyming Dictionary.

The alleged quotation from Lenin in one of the poems, 'The emotions are not skilled workers,' is quite phoney.

The first three lines of the poem 'Culture as Exhibit' were lifted as a quotation straight from an American report on the drainage of breeding-grounds of mosquitoes.

Their three rules of composition were given as follows:—

1. There must be no coherent theme, at most, only confused and inconsistent hints at a meaning held out as a bait to the reader.

2. No care was taken with verse technique, except occasionally to accentuate its general sloppiness by deliberate crudities.

3. In style, the poems were to imitate not Mr. Max Harris in particular, but the whole literary fashion as we knew it from the works of Dylan Thomas, Henry Treece and others.

A Nest of Ninnies: Begun in 1952 and not yet completed, this work was written by the collaborators in alternating sentences.

Armagnac or The Visitor: Bill Berkson, co-author of this poem, describes it as follows in a letter to the editor: "...a work of exceptional grace and social commitment far above the temperament of any time. Such lines as 'When waking we pick up ourselves' should have a tremendous effect on the poetry of the future. The measure is something else again—something between the trochee of Theophrastus and recent breakthroughs of Olson and McClure..."

Everywhere March Your Head: This and the following two poems were first published in *Minutes to Go*, Two Cities Editions, Paris. Copyright © 1960 by Jean Fanchette.

K. K.

The Longview Foundation announces the granting of 1960 Longview Literary Awards to the following writers, for work published in *Locus Solus*:

James Schuyler, for the story *Current Events*.

The purpose of the awards is to stimulate American literature by granting additional compensation (\$300 in each case) to work of outstanding merit appearing in non-commercial publications. Unpublished manuscripts are not considered and no applications are accepted, but all literary periodicals are surveyed. The awards are made by a special panel of judges appointed by the Longview Foundation and without the participation of the periodicals themselves.

The panel for 1960 consisted of Saul Bellow, Louise Bogan, Charles Boni, Alfred Kazin, Thomas B. Hess, and Henri Peyre.

Twenty-six awards were made.

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